



Accessions

149.817

Shelf No.

G. 3975.52

Barton Library.

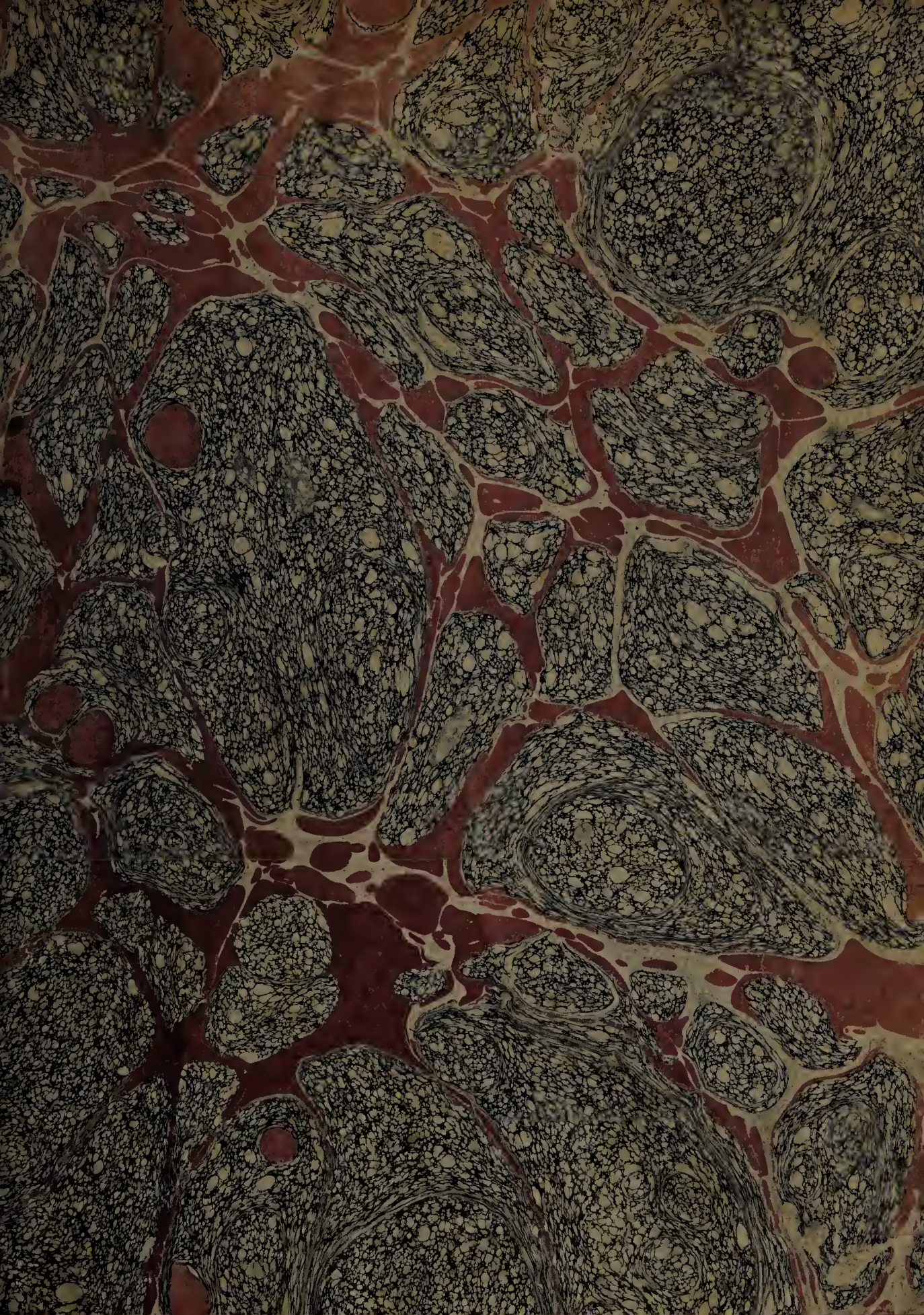


Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received. May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.



O. 19 o. 1462 Sampson (W.) The Vow Breaker, or the Faire Maide of *Bristol*.
Solihy, Dec. 9. 1636 Clifton, with the plate, interleaved, scarce 1636



Allen copy 1.1.0 Ruffin back & cover, 7.6.

Pearsons' copy 4.6 with the print.

Wright - 3 - without 9.11.

Farmers - 2 -

Scott - 8 - with.

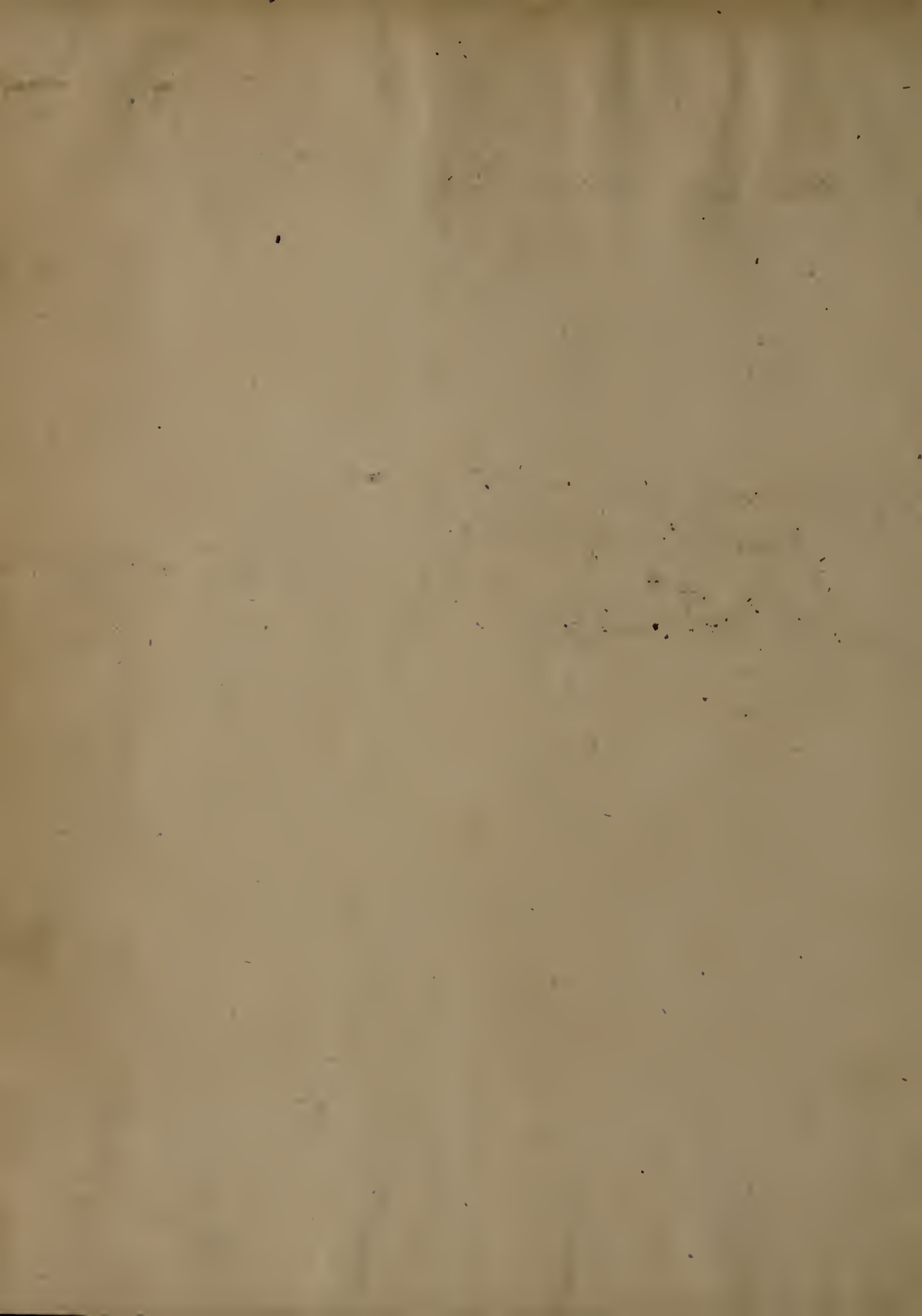
Dix - 17 -

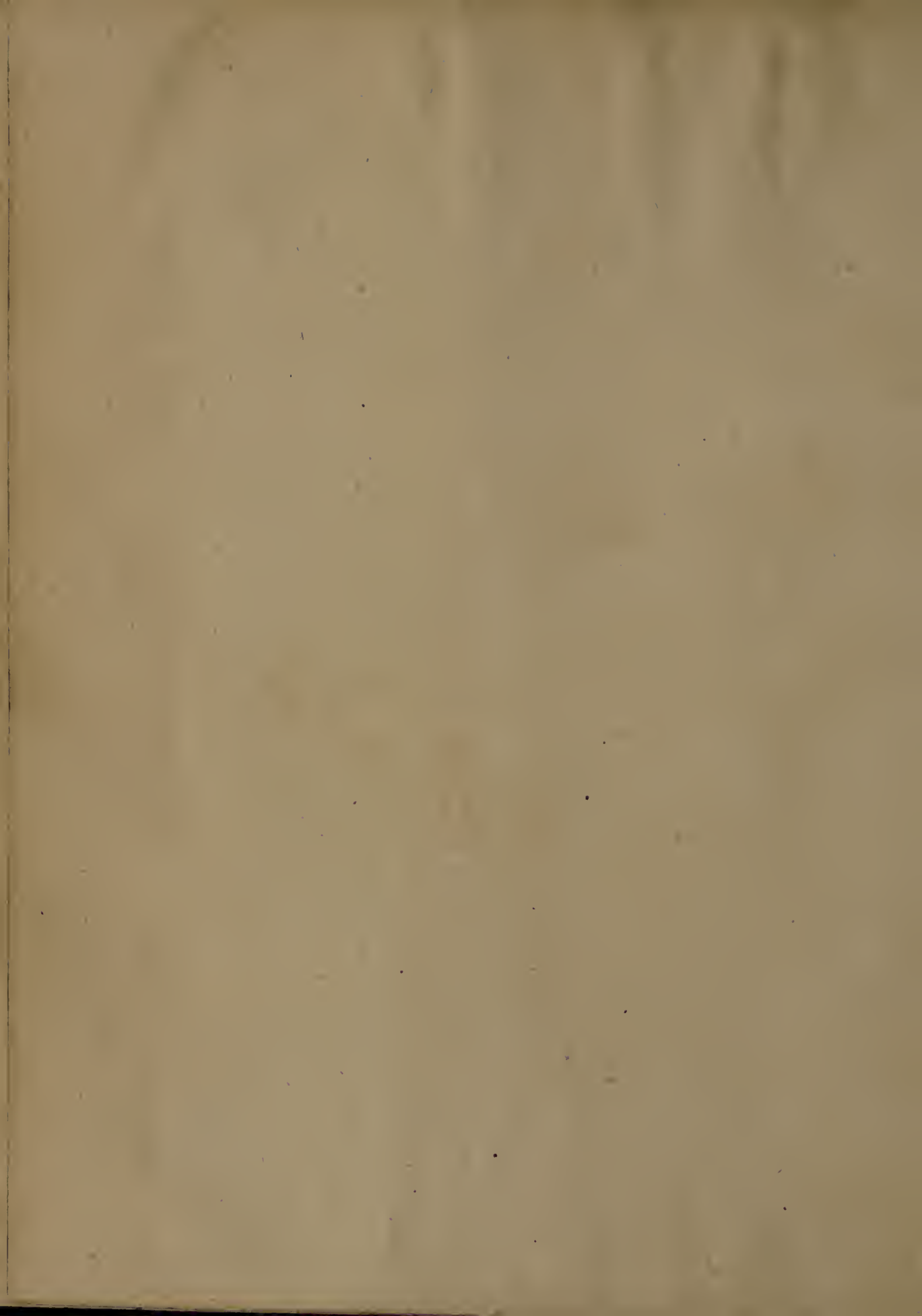
(C. 12)

Rare with the cut.

Bindley's copy sold for £1-11-6.

A copy with an indifferent title sold at Mr. Bright's sale for £1-12-0.





the plate seldom to be met with

125

THE
V O W
BREAKER.

O R,
THE FAIRE MAIDE
of *Clifton*.

*In Nottinghamshire as it hath beene diuers times Acted by
severall Companies with great applause.*

By WILLIAM SAMPSON.

Virg: Æn: lib: 2. 77.

Obstupui, steterantque Comæ, & vox falsibus hæsit.



LONDON.

Printed by JOHN NORTON and are to be sold by
ROGER BALL at the signe of the *Golden*
Anchor in the Strand, neere Temple-
Barre, 1636.



The Illustration.

T His faithlesse woman, by her friends consent
Plighted her troth to *Bateman*! streight not cōtent
With his revenue! Coveting for more
Shee marries *German* for his wealthy store
There Parents iarr'd, and never could agree
Till both of them were dround in misery.
Young *Bateman* hangs himselfe, for love of her:
Shee drownds her selfe (guilt plaies the murtherer.)
His Ghost afrights her, sad thoughts doe her annoy
(Alive or dead: tis shee, he must enioy.)
The Morrall is Maides should beware in choise,
And where they cannot love, divert their voice.
Parents must not be rash, nor too vnkind,
And not for wealth to thwart, their Childrens minde.
All is not gaine, that's got, (ill purchasde wealth,
Never brought comfort, tranquill, peace, and health.)
This president, this principle cōth allow
Weddings are made in Heaven, though seald below.

149.817

May, 1873

Collated. Perfect.

9-1-14



I thinke on thy promise alue
or dead I must and will
inioy thee.



Hees come watch mee or
I am gone.

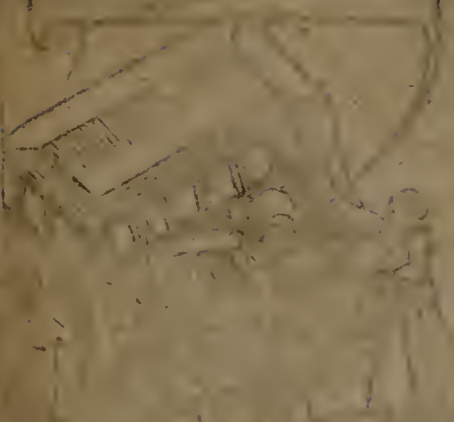


O how happy had I
beene if sbee had
lived.

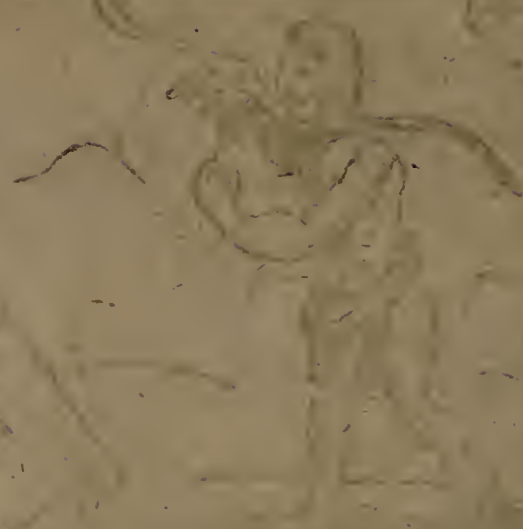
O how happy had I
beene if hee had
lived.



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Handwritten text in the top right corner, possibly a title or reference.



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T O

THE WORSHIPFULL
and most vertuous Gentlewoman

Mistress *Anne Willoughby* Daughter of the
Right Worshipfull, and ever to be Honoured

Henry Willoughby of *Risley*, in the
County of *Derby*
Baronet.

Worthiest, and Noble Mistress,

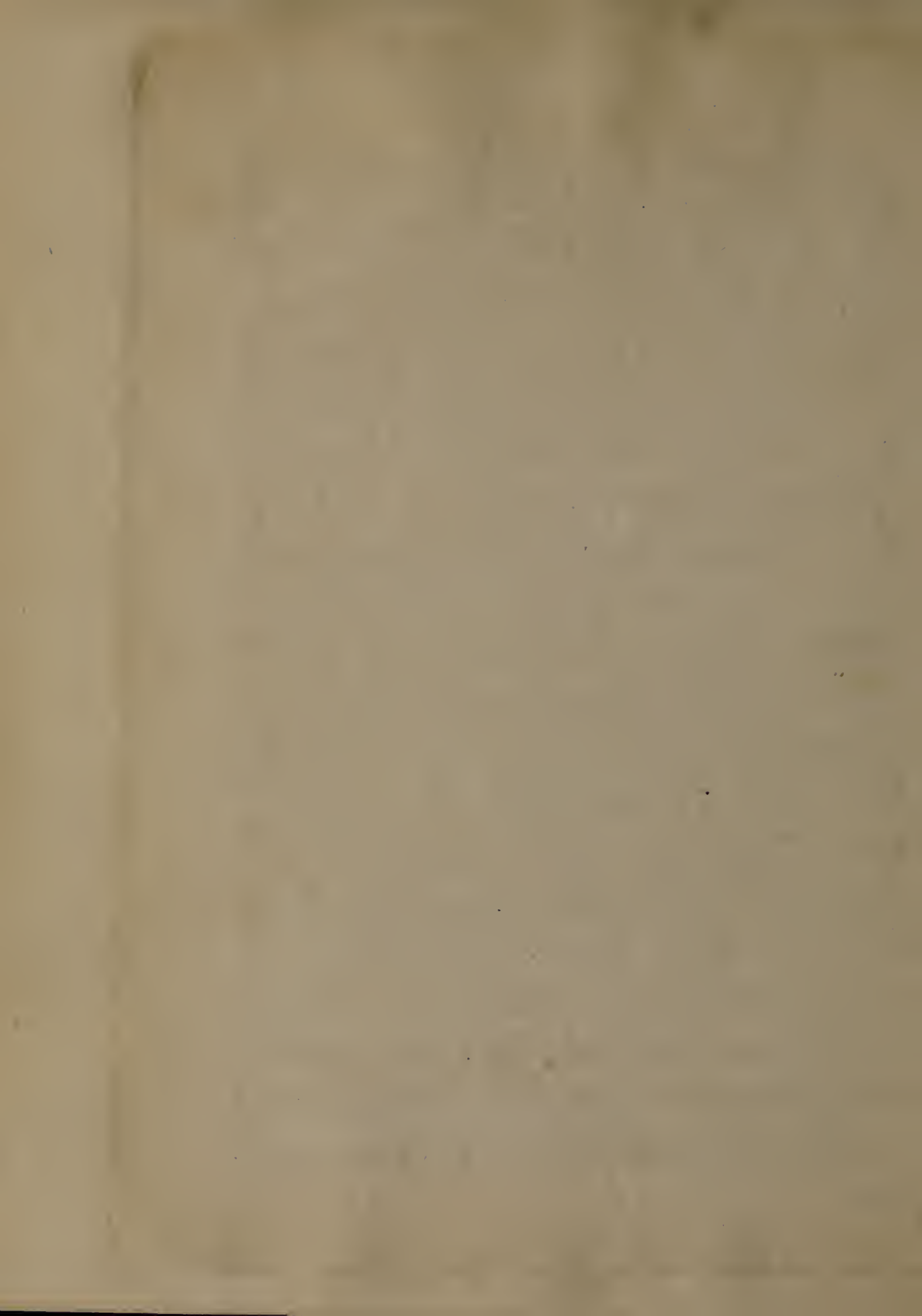
 HIS infant received breath,
and being under your noble
Fathers roose (my ever hono-
red Master) and therefore as an
Aire-lover belonging to that Ho-
spitable Fabricke, it properly prostrates
it selfe to you for a patronnesse. The
title of it saith ignorant Censurers (those
Criticall Momes that have no lan-
guage but Satirrick Calumnies) sounds
grosse, and ignare, expressing smal wit,
and lesse judgment, in the Author to
dedicate (*A vow-breaker*) under the

A 3

pro-

The Epistle.

protection of *A Lady*, of your Candor,
beauty, goodnes, and vertues : against
those foule mouthd detractors, who as-
much as in their venemous hearts lay;
sought to villifie an unblaunchd Laune,
a vestall puritie, a truth like Innocence,
a temple of sanctitie, the Altar of reall
goodnes, against those brainles Momes,
I comply my selfe with Plinies naturall
similie of the Almond-tree : picke
of the Rind, cracke the shell, yet set the
kernell upright in earth, and by naturas
helpe it regaines maturity and growth:
so have your noble vertues, euen with
the Diamond eclipsed darknesse, and
from obscurity gaine greater lustre e-
uen then when the two eldest sons of sin
Envy, and Malice, sought to obscure
them : but shee that hath not left the
earth, diuine *Astrea*, sacred iustice, the
eye, and soule of the law, hath vindica-
ted

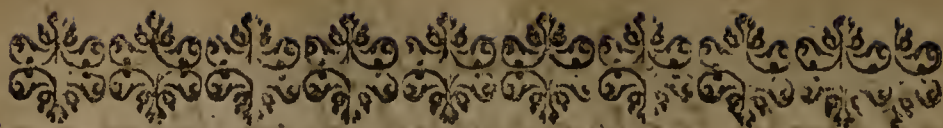


Dedicatory.

ted those foule mouthd detractors : as
you are great in goodnes, so shine there
still, and let the Sun-raies of your ver-
tues ever yeild honored hatchments, &
portments, to your most noble father, &
his honored families, of whom you are a
principall Columne : continue ever in
that noble pedigree of vertues, which
your virgin purity hitherto hath justly
maintaind, heaven keepe you from faunning
parasites, and busie gissips, and send you a
Husband, and a good one, else may you neuer
make a Hol'day for Hymen, as much hap-
pines as tongue can speake, penn write, heart
thinke, or thoughts imagine, ever attend on
you, your noble father, and all his families, to
whom I ever rest, as my bounden duty,

A faithfull servant,

WILLIAM SAMPSON.



The Prologue to Censurers.

TRuth saies the Author, this Time will be bold
To tell a Story, truer ne're was told.
Wherein he boldly vouches all is true
That this Time's spoke by vs, or heard by you.
If Chronicle, that ever yet gain'd favour
May please true Iudgments: his true endeavour
From serious houres has gain'd it: for vs
He hopes, our labours will be prosperous.
And yet me thinkes I here some Criticke say
That they are much abus'd in this our Play.
Their Magistracy laugh at! as if now
What Ninty yeeres since dy'd, a fresh did grow:
To those wee answer, that ere they were borne,
The story that we glaunse at, then was worne
And held authentick: and the men wee name
Grounded in Honours Promesse, Vertues Fame.
Bring not the Author then, in your mislikes,
If on the Ages vice, quainly he strikes
And hits your guilt! most plainly it appears
He like a Taylor that hath lost his sheares
Amongst his shreds • he knockes upon the board,
And by the sound themselves they doe affoord.
If in his scenes, he any vice have hit
To you farre better knowne then to his wit,
Tak't to your selves alone: for him, his Penn
Strikes at the vices, and not mindes the men.





Actus Primus Scena Prima.

Enter young Bateman meeting Anne.



ANNE, My Bateman.

Y. Ba. My sweetest Nan?

An. Had I but one entire affected Pearle

Inestimable unto vulgar censure

And is there none to play the Theife but thou!

Oh misery would'st have thy love entrans'd,

Without an eccho that would sigh farewell.

Common curtesie 'mongst rurall Hyndes

With this formality disciplines them

(Kisse at the departure), and you to steale away

Without my Privity?

Y. Ba. Pray thee no more?

Teares are the Heralds to future sorrowes,

I have collected all that's man together

And wraistld with affections as with fireames,

And as they strive that doe oppresse the billowes

So doe I fare in each externall part.

My Actes are like the motionall gymmalls

Fixt in a VVatch, who winde themselves away

Without cessation; here if I stay, I finde

I must be where thou art ! which when I am

Thy fathers rage encreases like a flame

Fedd by ungentle blastes ! my absence

The Vow-breaker,

May worke those bitter sweeteings from his hart
And smoothe the rising furrowes in his brow,
It is sufficient that I know thee firme
Fixt as a Rocke in constancy, and love,
Able to ship-wracke greatnes, and despiseth
A violated heart, as a disease.
I goe to Leith as children goe to schoole
Studying what shall please my Mistris best,
My lesson cond, I will returne againe
And dedicate my labours unto thee.

An. Sweete doe not goe; and yet if that you will
Leaving me here like a forsaken Lover,
Prethee forget me not; nay be not angry
Souldiers in Warre make any saint their owne
Forgetting those they are devoted too!
Tis I have vow'd to have thee quicke or dead,
Flattering honours, nor dissembling beauties
Workes me not from thee.

T. Bat. Swear not sweete *Nan*!
The booke of fate, as now may be unclasp'd
And record what thou speak'st.

An. Be it writ in brasse
My love shall be as durable as that!
Now by this kisse, nay I will second that,
When I this hand bequeath to any one
But my sweete *Bateman*; then may I ever
From heaven, and goodnes rest a cast-away,
If e're I give this hand, to any one
But my sweete *Bateman*.

T. Bat. Thy constancy I resalute.
Death onely separates me from thy love.
Alive or dead I shall enjoy thee then
Spite of thy fathers frownes.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrs. Why then up-with your bag, and baggage, and to Saint
Maries presently the Priest stayes, the Clarke whynes to say *A-*
men! and for th'officiall schollers love butterd loaves, an Angell
will perswade him to consent, we that live by the sinnes of the
people

or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

people may dispense with veniall toys.

Y. Bat. Thou art merry still.

Vrs. Faith, and shalbe as long as I keepe me out of *Cupids* mannacles, doost heare Lover? take her now thou hast her i'th vaine trust not we wenches, theirs asmuch truth in us, as in *Knights o'th post*, if she sweare love to day, shee'le unswear it to morrow with a safeconscience; stand not shall I shall I, take me her to have, and to hold, and if eyther of you repent your bargain within a twelue-month—

An. VVhat then!

Vrs. Then you shall fetch no Bacon at *Dunmowe*; we young wenches in our loves are like *Lapwinges*, if once we creepe out o'th shells, we run from our ould loves like *Scopperells*, weomens minds are planetary, and amble as fast as *Virginalls Iackes*, if you stop'em not in true time, you marre all your musique. See heres your Fathers.

Enter ould Boote old Bateman.

Y. Ba. Alas what wilt thou doe.

An. Not shrinke a jot for thee.

Bo. I charge thee on my blessing leave that boy.

An. Father! sir.

Bo. Come, come, come.

Must your appetite be married to beggery

Is this the onely *Phœnix* of the World?

O. Ba. Boote, boote, boote, thou art malapert, false, proud,

A wretched miscreant, and dissembler,

H' shall enjoy her, shees his lawfull wife

Thy hand enstated hers, though falsely now

Thou plaist the counterfet.

Vrs. Well said ould cocke, would thy spurrs were new rowell'd that thou mightst picke out his eyes.

Bo. Still are your eyes gadding that way, know this

I'le sooner marry thee unto some slave

Whom mine owne will can subordinate

Rather then to him.

Y. Ba. Is vertue growne to so absurd a rate

The Vow-breaker,

It gaine no better credit with base wordlings.

O. Ba. Tell me *Boote*.

Does not his birth, and breeding equall hers,

Are not my revenues correspondent

To equall thine ; his purity of bloud

Runs in as sweete a streame , and naturall heate

As thine , or hers ; his exteriour parts

May parralell hers , or any others

In a true harmony of lawfull love.

Wast not thine owne motion, didst not give way,

And entercourse to their privacies?

Didst thou not make me draw conveighances

Did not th'assurance of thy Lands seeme proball,

Boote, *Boote* thou shalt not carry it thus

I'le make thee know theirs justice to be had

If thou denyst it.

Bo. Say I grant all this!

With my selfe having deliberated

I doe not like 'thassurance of thy Lands

Thy titles are so bangld with thy debts,

Which thou wouldst have my daughters portion pay.

Sir sir, it shall not!

O. Ba. hang thee hang thee miser!

Tis thy base thoughts forges these false conceits,

And but for thy daughter , I'de, i'de, i'de.

Bo. I'de come, come.

An. Father?

T. Ba. Deere sir spare your fury?

Anger in old men is a Lunacy,

That woundes the speakers, not the spectators?

My thoughts are now embarqu'd to goe for Leith

And see the V Varrs , I hope e're my returne,

I shall finde temperate weather in your looks,

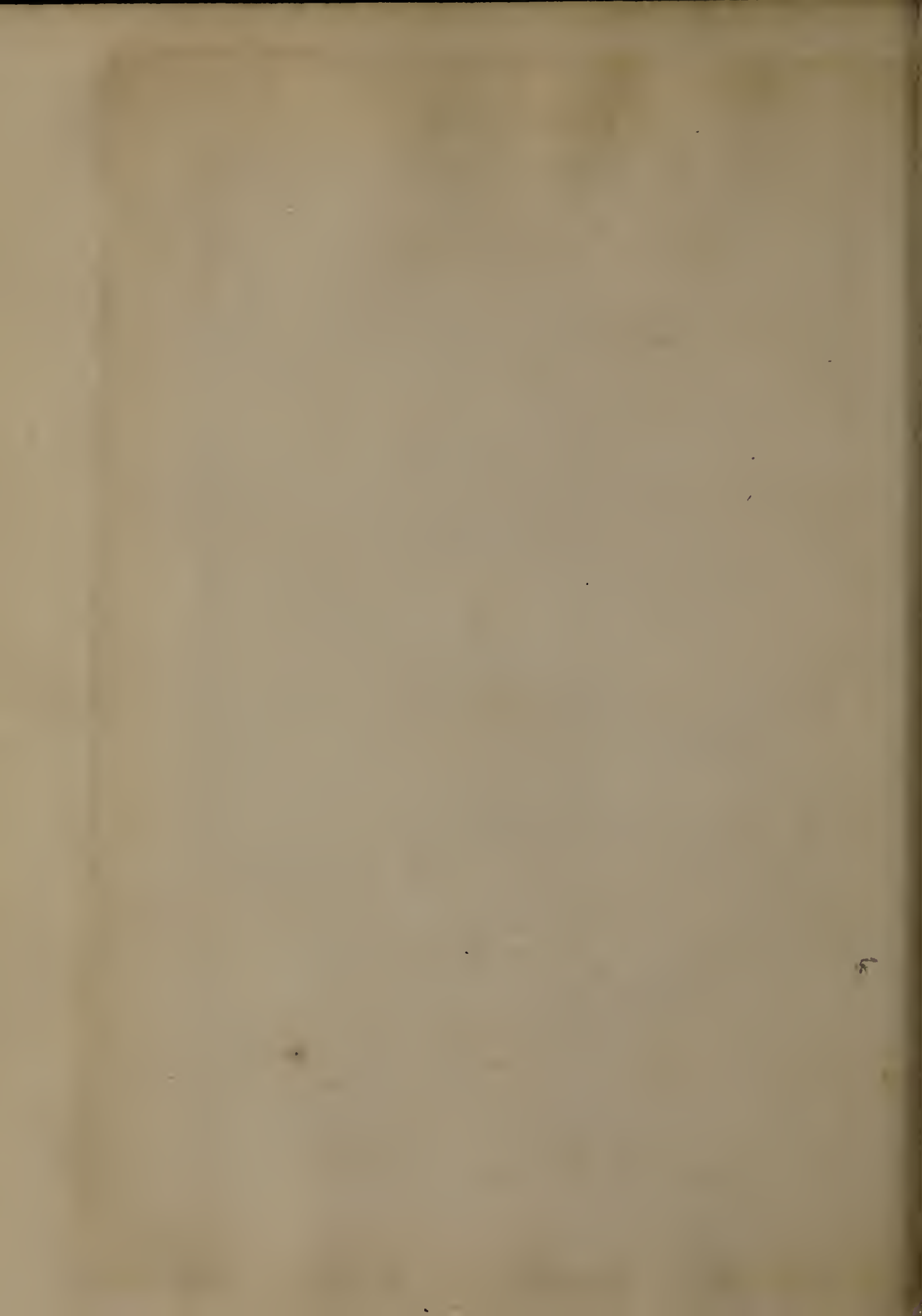
And all these stormes vanish.

O. Ba. Art thou so built on her fidelity

Take heede boy; women by kinde are fickle,

Absence in lovers brings strange events





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Lovers that houely kisse finde due regard

But those that absent are oft lose reward.

I doubt not of her firmenes, but tis common

An absent lover thrives not with a woman.

Tis good counsell boy, and worth observance

But thou darst trust her.

T. Ba. With my life sir.

O. Ba. Goe on then in thy intended purpose

Noble sir *Jarvis* whose man thou art,

I know will furnish thee.

Bo. This works to my designe, and gives free way

For wealthy *Germane* to my daughters love.

Come hither *Nan*.

Vrs. I thought the wind was in that doore; by my virginity a young wench were better be heire to a swine-herds chine, then a rich mans bagges! we must be coupld in wed-locke like your *Barbary* horse, and *Spanish* Gennet, for breede sake, house to house, and land to land, the devill a jot of love? poore simple virginity, that us'd to be our best Dowry is now growne as bare as a serving-mans cloake that has not had a good nap this seven yceres.

Enter Clifton, and a Shoemaker.

O. Ba. Well Boote time may make us friends.

Bo. Weele thinke on't *Bateman*!

Clif. How many paire of shooes knave ha.

Sho. By Saint *Hugh* sir *Jarvis* foure thousand paire.

Clif. For every knave two paire good sauce against kyb'd heeles by my hollidam; well shod, and clad will mak'em fight like men! the North is cold, subject to frostes, and snowes, and tis bad fighting without vittle, and cloth! for which I have provided well for both; forty horse loades, and twenty Carrs of vittle, twill stop a good breach in a souldiours belly! my man shall pay thee huffit; my *Hollidam*! my old Neighbour rich *Boote*, and *Bateman*, is this brabling matter ended yet! shall he have her, by my *Hollidam* not yet; the Knave shall serve his Queere first, see the warres, where twill do him good to see

The Vow-breaker,

knocks passe as fillips ; say i't done?

Enter Miles.

O. Ba. Hees at your service.

Clif. By my *Hollidam* he shall not want for that
But I am tardy , and my time is precious
My *Hollidam*, wheir's this knave?

Mi. Faith sir trading as other knaves doe ! fir yonders the
Tailor the *Weaver*, and I the *Miller*.

Clif. My *Hollidam* knaves all three ! put me a *Tailor*, a *Wea-*
ver , and a *Miller* into a bag.

Mi. And what then sir ?

Clif. Why he that first comes out will be a knave.

Mi. Vnder correction sir put me a Justice of peace, an Officiall,
an under Sherriffe into a bag.

Enter Ball Ioshua.

Clif. And what then knave?

Mi. Why, and they will not come out, let em'tarry their like
knaves as they are.

Clif. What a knave is this.

Mi. Sir heres two more appeares ! th'one is mad *Ball* old
Huffits man, tho'ther may be a knave in graine for any thing I
know i'me sure hees much given to colours hees a Painter-
stainer.

Clif. Y'are both pres'd, and willing to serve the Queene.

Bal. I am bend leather , and will endure it.

Iosh. My name is *Marmaduke Ioshua* a Painter-stainer by Art,
and a limner by profession ? I am given to the meanes, and doe
fructifie among the brethren, it were obnoxious, and inutiabie,
and contrary to the sages to presse me.

Clif. Weele see how you can edifie our Campe.

Iosh. For the sistren commiserate.

Clif. Come my old neighbours, let our Drum beat a free march
weele have a health to Queene *Besse*, cry *St. George* , and a fig
for *St. Dennis*.

Enter Omnes nisi Bateman, Anne.

Mi. Mistress *Vrsula*, tis not unknowne that I have lov'd you;
if





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

if I die, it shall be for your sake, and it shall be valiantly; I leave an hand-kercher with you, tis wrought with blew coven-try; let me not at my returne fall to my old song, she had a clout of mine sowde with blew coven-try, and so hang my selfe at your infidelity; desiring Jove to blesse you from better fortunes. I leave you. *Exeunt.*

Vrs. The foole doates, but tis no matter, tis no matter, tis Lady like why should not I have my *Monkey* to play withall?

T. Ba. Prethee leave us.

Vrs. Heavens blesse me out of your company, for fooles I found you, and so I must leave you in spite of my hart. *Exit.*

T. Ba. Now *Nan* heres none but thou, and I; thy love

Emboldens me to speake, and cheerfully

Here is a peece of gold, tis but a little one

Yet big enough to ty, and seale a knot

A jugall knot on Earth, to which high heaven

Now cries *Amen*, say thou so too, and then

When eyther of us breakes this sacred bond

Let us be made strange spectacles to the world

To heaven, and earth.

An. Amen say I.

And let heaven loth me when I falsifie.

T. Ba. Thou now art like a pollishd ivory Table

In purenes without; or staine or blemish.

If thou shouldst soile this whitenes with blacke deedes

Thinke what a monster thou wouldst make thy selfe.

I doubt thee not, but give this cautionary.

Harken the Drum beates, from the armes of love

I now must burnish in the Armes of warre, adue.

An. When I prove false to thee; oh may I then

Behold the scorne of heaven, earth, and men. *Enter severally.*

Grey, Arguile, Cresse, Souldiours, drume, Colors.

As farre as my Commission *Arguile*

I have proceeded, we in the trade of warre

Whose Mart consists in blowes, and batteries,

Are

The Fow-breaker,

Are like small Rivers that must keepe their bounds,
Till the Queene Ocean command them rise.

Dunbarr can witnes where we skirmishd last
I require the hostages be deliverd

Twixt *England*, and the federary Lords.

Arg. Peruse this bed-roule from *Duke Chattenreault*
Wherein their names are, the ir persons attend

At *Inskeith*, and with willingnes are bound

To attend the mighty Queene of *England*.

Grey Lord Claud Hambleron fourth son of the *Duke*, *Robert*
Dowglas brother to the *Lord James Stuart*! *Archibald Dow-*

glas Lord of *Loughennell* *George Gram* second son to the
Earle of Menteich; *James Coningham* son to the *Earle of*

Glencorne; all Hostages to the Queene of *England* till the Ar-
ticles be performed betwixt her, and the *Federary Lordes*.

Herald of Armes conduct these noble pledges from the *Red*
Brayes to *Inskeith*, see'em delivered to *James Croft* and *George*

Howard *Rights* from thence to be embarqd for *England*.

Cro. I shall my Lord.

Gr. What number speake your powers

Ar. Two thousand hardy *Scots*,

With glaved blades, bum daggers, and white Kerchers,
Such as will fight and face the fiery *French*.

Gr. Our numbers then are eight thousand
And still we looke for more, sir *Francis Leake*,

And gentle sir, *Iarvis*; two spirits

That in peace are Lambes, in warr two ravening Lyons.

A march, Enter Clifton Souldiers.

Clif. A Souldiers wishes blesse my noble Generall.

Gr. Thanks valiant *Clifton*; they can deserve no lesse
Comming from thee? I see you emulate

That we should take the glory to our selves,

I'll give the first Alar'm, youle be one.

Clif. I by my *Hollidam* at warre as at a feast

I'll scramble for my part, and if I catch a knocke

That



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

That honour which a Souldiour wins in warrs
Is of low price unles he bring home scars

Gr. What number sir *Jarvis*?

Clif. Five hundred, and fifty tall white coates,
Fellowes that will face a murdering Cannon,
When it blowes rancks into the Aire as Chaffe
Yet dreadles they shall stand it, and not shrinke,
Right *Nottingham* shire Lads.

Gr. Tis well don!

Our bands are well divided, yours my Lord
Keep the greene Bul-warke, mine the west Gate,
You sir *Jarvis* the water-ports to *Inskeith*,
Pelham from *Pethamus* Mount plaies at the Towne
How now what Trumpets this?

A Trumpet, Enter Trumball.

Trum. From the Queene Regent of *Scotland* I come
To the Lord Generall of the *English* Force.
She craves a treaty with the Lords of *England*
To know why thus they enter on her groundes,
Depopulate her Countries, Plough her Plaines
If lawfull cause she finds on entrance
She will subscribe to *England*, sue a peace,
Otherwise by Article sheele confirm't;
This is under her highnes hand, and seale.
This is my message.

Gr. Whats thy name?

Trum. *Trumball*, Serejant Trumpetter to her Grace.

Gr. Her Princely offer we accept *Rouge Crosse*
Herrald at Armes, command sir *George Howard*
Sir *James Crofts*, and my son *Arthur Grey*
To shew her Grace my Soveraignes grevances
I'th interim wee'le sheath our burnishd blades
Which had bene dide in scarlet long ere this.
But for thy message.

The Vow-breaker,

Enter Trumball.

Trum. I shall report you honourable.

Clif. My *Hollidam* I like not these signes of peace
These *French Flyes* worke on advantages
I'll not trust 'em.

Gr. To prevent which each stand on his guard ; your cares
my Lord.

Ios. Resolve me ; doe they kill men ith warrs, and ne're give
warning.

Mi. Not so much time *Io!* as a theife has at *Nottingham*
Gallowes.

Ios. Tirany, tirany ; may a not pray in sincerity nor request
the breethren, and sisters to have care of a departing brother.

Mi. No *Io!* nothing but downe-right blowes, just as you fell
Okes, or kill Oxen.

Ios. Most heathenish, and diabollicall ; and do the shoote
Bullets.

Mi. I *Io!* as thicke as haile a man may hit his owne father.

Ios. Oh *Infidells*, and *Barbarians* ; what will not the wicked
doe, kill men with bullets ! oh these Guns, they are dangerous
things they sprung from the whoore, a *Fryer* was the inventor,
and the smell of the Dragon ! oh my poore Pusse-cat ; sinfull
man thou art *Io!* to bring the poore Pusse forth to dy by a Gun !
a poore Pusse, silly harmelesse Pusse.

Mi. Ty her behind, then if thou runst shee may save thee.

Ios. I run ! thou prophane translator I scorne to run, my Cat,
and I will enter battell 'gainst the wicked ! I run.

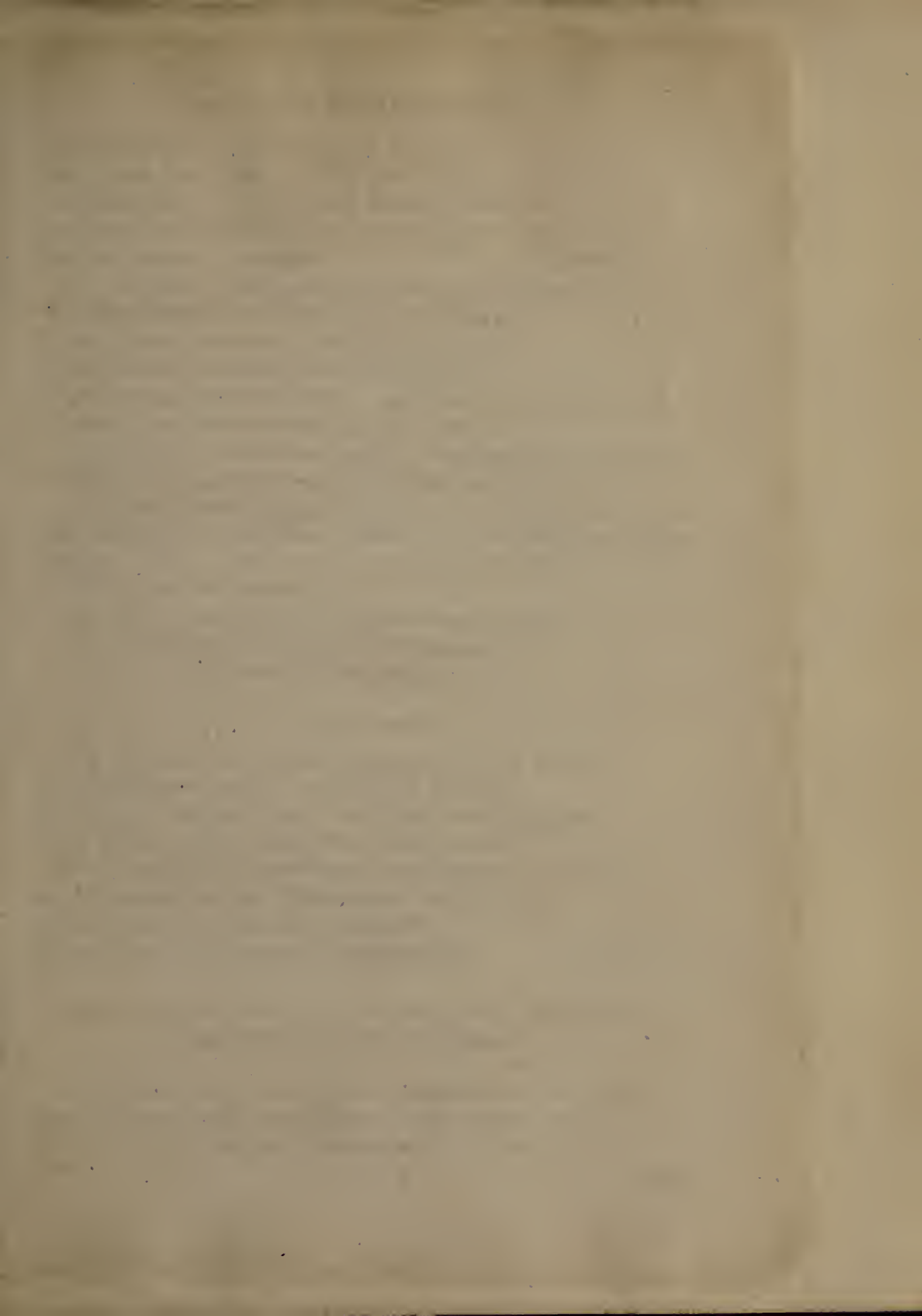
Gr. Why. returne so soone.

Enter Crosse.

Cros. This my Lord.

Making for *Edenborough* to the Queene,
Nine hundred shot, and five hundred Corsets,
Came forth of *Leith*, under the conduct
Of *Mortigue*, and *Doyfells* their Colonells.
We wish'd them peaceably returne to *Leith*

Since





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Since contrary to all Lawes of Armes
They now had issud ? *Mortigue* replide
They on their masters ground resolved stood
And from their mistris would not budge a foote
For any *English* breathing. *Exit Crosse.*

Gr. Were not our promise given to the Queene
On which they build advantages, i'de make
These *French* Rats run as Wolves from fire,
Bid'em retire, and tell them thus from us
Weele make them win their ground ere the stand ont.
Nothing but circumvention in the *French*.

Clif. By my *Hollidam* juglers, constant in nothing but
Inconstancy, thats the *French* Merchandize.

Ios. And doe they fight, as it is in the painted cloth, of the
nine worthies, of *Ioshua*, *Hector*, *Cesar*, *Arthur*, *Charles-*
Magne, *Indas*, *Machabens*, and *Godfrey Bollogine*.

Mil. Yes *Yo*: they doe.

Ios. In the painted cloth *Joshua* stands formost

Bal. With his Cat in stead of a Scutchion.

Ios. *Ball* thou art full of rebukes—

Enter Crosse.

Cros. Arme, arme, arme, regardless of true honour
Your message is deside, and facing the van
Dischargd a thousand shot, the Crag, and Chappell
They make a refuge 'gainst our great Artillery

Gr. Let the bow-men shoute their flightest Arrowes,
As thicke as haile, the Musketeers shall follow
Alarum then; tis our first enterprise
When cowards fall the valiant spirits rise. *Ex. Omnes*

After skirmishes Enter Grey, Arguile, young Bateman with
Colors, Clifton, Souldioers, prisoners.

Gray: The Crag, and Chappells ours, and the *French*
Like Hares are leapt out of herce Greyhounds gripes.
Doyfells, and *Mortigue*, out-ran their Colours,

The Vow-breaker,

And with all expedition tooke the Towne.

Y. Ba. Whose Colors I display.

Gr. How many of the *French* this day areaine ?

Arg. Seven score my Lord, and prisoners of noble worth.

Poiteers, Augois, Burbon, Shamoont, Shaloone,
Labresse, and of the *Engish* meerely one man slaine.

Gr. Thanks unto heaven whose arme was our defence,
What's he that beares the *French* armes displaid ?

Clif. A servant of mine, his name *Bateman* ?

Gr. Theirs forty Angells for thy good daies service,
And if thy merit retaine an Ancients place.

Y. Ba. I thanke your honour.

Ios. My prisoner is an *Anabaptist*, all I desire is that I may
convert him,

Mi. It must be in's drinke then, else hees none o'th right
brethren;

Gr. Can noble *Arguile*, and worthy *Clifton*
After these, toiles of bloud, and massacre,
Let's quench our raging motions in the Grape;
And in the *French-mans* Vine drinke his confusion ?
Proud *France* shall know that our *Elizæes* Name,
Drives to confusion those that steale her Fame. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Anne, and Vrsula.

An. Do'st thou not beleeeve it ?

Vrs. Let me faile of my best wishes, and I doe, I cannot
amuse my thoughts tot, thou maist as soone perswade me that
a Spiders V Veb will catch a swarme of Bees as thou marry *Ger-*
man ! his head's like a *Welch-mans* Crest on *St. Davies* day ? he
lookes like a hoary Frost in *December*, now *Venus* blesse me,
i'de rather ly by a Statue ?

An. Thou art pleasant still.

In nat'rall things we see that Herbes, and Plants
In autumnne ever doe receive perfection,
As they, so man, never attaines his height
Till in the autumnne of his growing age
Experience like a Mistris beautifies him,

With



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

With silver haire, badges of experience.
Of wisdom, honours, counsell, knowledge, arts,
With all th'endowments vertue hath in store.
Contrarily greene headed youth
Being in the spring or summer of his age,
Is prone to surfets, riots, intemperancies,
And all the stocke of ill that vice is queene of;

Urs. Thou wrests a good text to an ill sense? but none but
fooles would ly in beds of snow that might couch in Roses?
but it may bee Cozen; but it may bee Cuz? you follow the
fashion of our Country Knights that marry your old *London*
VVidowes; tis but keeping a handsome Chamber-maide, they
are necessary evils, and will serve with a small Dowery
afterwards to make parsons wives! you know my meaning
Cuz.

An. He brings wealth, promotion, and tis the way.

Urs. To your ruine; to your blacke father presently? cocke
him with the herbe Moly that will put bloud in's cheekes? let
him be dieted like your *Barbary* horse? heele neere stand to
his tacklings else? feede him with *Vipers* flesh that will make
his white head blacke? doost thou refuse youthfull *Bateman*
to ly with wealthy *Germane*, reject a Mine of vertue, for a
Mountaine of muck? *Cupid* blesse thee, for i'le sweare, he has
blinded thee as blind as a *Bat*.

An. I lov'd young *Bateman* in my childish daies,
Have vow'd to have him, and he againe to me,
But what of that, foolish lovers vowes
Like breath on Steele, as soone are of, as on,
German is wealthy, and by him I gaine
Recourse amongst the modest sagest dames?
VVealth has a priviledge that beauty cannot,
Bateman is young, embellish'd with a naturall,
Active, and generous, unspotted beauty,
German is old, indebted much to age,
Yet like ould *Æson*, gold can make him young,
Gold like a second nature can elixate,
Make the deformed faire, the faire seeme fowle,

The Vow-breaker,

And we that love not, must be tide to th'face,
A sparkling eye, or a smooth pleading tongue
Will not keepe hospitality with time.
Maides that love young men gaine their loves by stealth,
We that love old men, wed not man but wealth?

Vrs. If I beleeve thee not; may I turne Nun before my probation? to be serious let me touch thy conscience? if young *Batemanto* whom I know th'st vow'd thy faith? should at thy falsehood fall into some malevolencies in himselfe, or on thee; t'wood greive thee to have Ballads made on thee, to the tune of the inconstant Lover, and have thy periuries pind on every Post?

An. Conscience, pray no more o'nt?

Vrs. No introth for I thinke th'st as much pleasure in't as a hangd man has of his pardon, or a Dog with a Glasse bottle at's taile? see heres thy father, with him the man that must be, not the fore-man o'th Parish, but a bucke o'th first head.

Enter Boote, Germane

An. My lovely *Germane*?

Ger. My fairest Mistris?

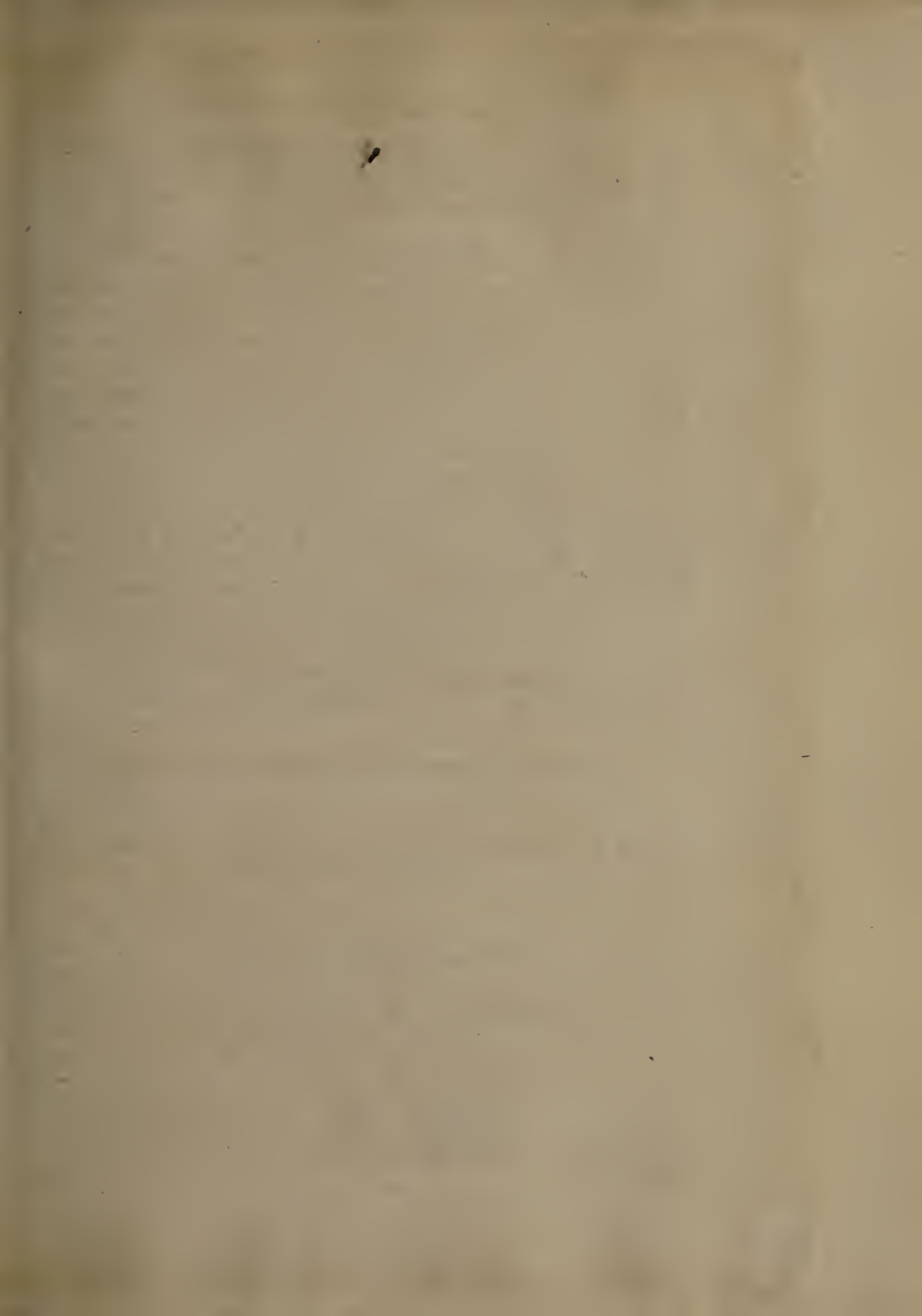
Vrs. If I had not rather Kisse a muffle made of Cats-skins, then these mouldy chops of his, wood I might die an *Anchoreesse*.

Bo. Now neece whats your conceit of this?

Vrs. Faith Vncle i'me a woman? and they say a woman is a wether-Cocke for mine owne part some are I thinke? and when I thinke they are not i'll tell you my conceit, till then i'll pay you with thinking.

Ger. Sweet beauty, rumor, that betters nothing,
But disproportionates every act,
Gives it out thus; that you are affianc'd
To youthfull *Batemanto*? I wood not have the curse
Of contract breaking fall upon my head,
(If it be so, fairely I here acquit you,
From all engagements twixt your selfe, and me)
If not, like to a blessing I embrace you.

That





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

That joynture which your father most desir'de
I have confirm'd, nothing now remaines,
But your reply, or mine, or whose you please?

An. Sir I am yours?

I lov'de young *Bateman* with an inward joy
Affected him beyond a common rate,
Yet not so farr, but that I might reduce
My vowes, and my affections to my will,
For when I saw how disproportionable
Our jarring fathers were! I then began
To alienate all love; here I renue
To whom it comes as free, as bright, and pure
As are these unstaind Lampes beyond the Moone.

Ger. Which as a blessing from the heavens I take.

Bo. You shall be marryed instantly! and Girle thou shalt
have one Bagg more for this, it gladdes me yet, thou art so free
from *Bateman*. I look'd for other demonstrations! come *German*
this night wee'le feast, to morrow thou shalt be wedd,
At night enfold a maiden in thy bed.

Vrs. Which if he does, may she dy of the pip, and goe to the
grave as a Sallet for the wormes.

Exeunt Omnes.

Actus secundus Scena Prima.

*Enter Mortigue, Doysells, and the Frenchmen in Womens
apparell with Pistols.*

Mor. Omit this Doysells,
They now are healthing, and carrowling deepe.
Now is our time to worke a stratagem,
Gaining these Trënches that oppresse the towne.
Thus as we are, we passe without suspect;
Nine *Bona Robas* nine stout Viragoes,
Nine manly lasses which will stand the squeake;
Jove went a wenching, as we goe to'th warrs;
If this exploit take roote, we build a strength

That

The Vow-breaker,

at nine months seidge cannot againe redeeme.

Do. The scotch language I am perfect in:
Encaule your selves the enter on their guard
Leroy's the word, till then let no man stir
The second *Leroy* bids every man to kill.
Close, and obserue;

Enter Clifton, Bateman, Ioshua, Ball, Miles, Souldiers.

Clif. Each man betake him to his instruments
Keepe safe this Port for 'tis the sole defence
To our new Trenches, and raised Bul-warks;
If any issue from the Towne give fire,
And the Alarum shalbe answerd quicke;
The *French* are subtle, and in various shapes,
Combine themselves, therefore to gaine the best,
Prevent the worst;

Ios. And they be women, may we not cease on'em for lawfull prize.

Clif. To women, and children, be mercifull,
But trust none, the politicke Fox sometimes
VVrapps himselfe within the *Lions* skin,
So working prey upon the innocent Lambe,
These *French* are subtle Foxes.

Mi. I thought so for a man may smell their footings
As farr as a fitchers;

Ios. And they be Foxes we may smell'em out? for as it is in the
painted cloath? by fortune came a Fox where grew a pleasant
Vine I will no Grapes said the Fox, the fruit is none of mine.

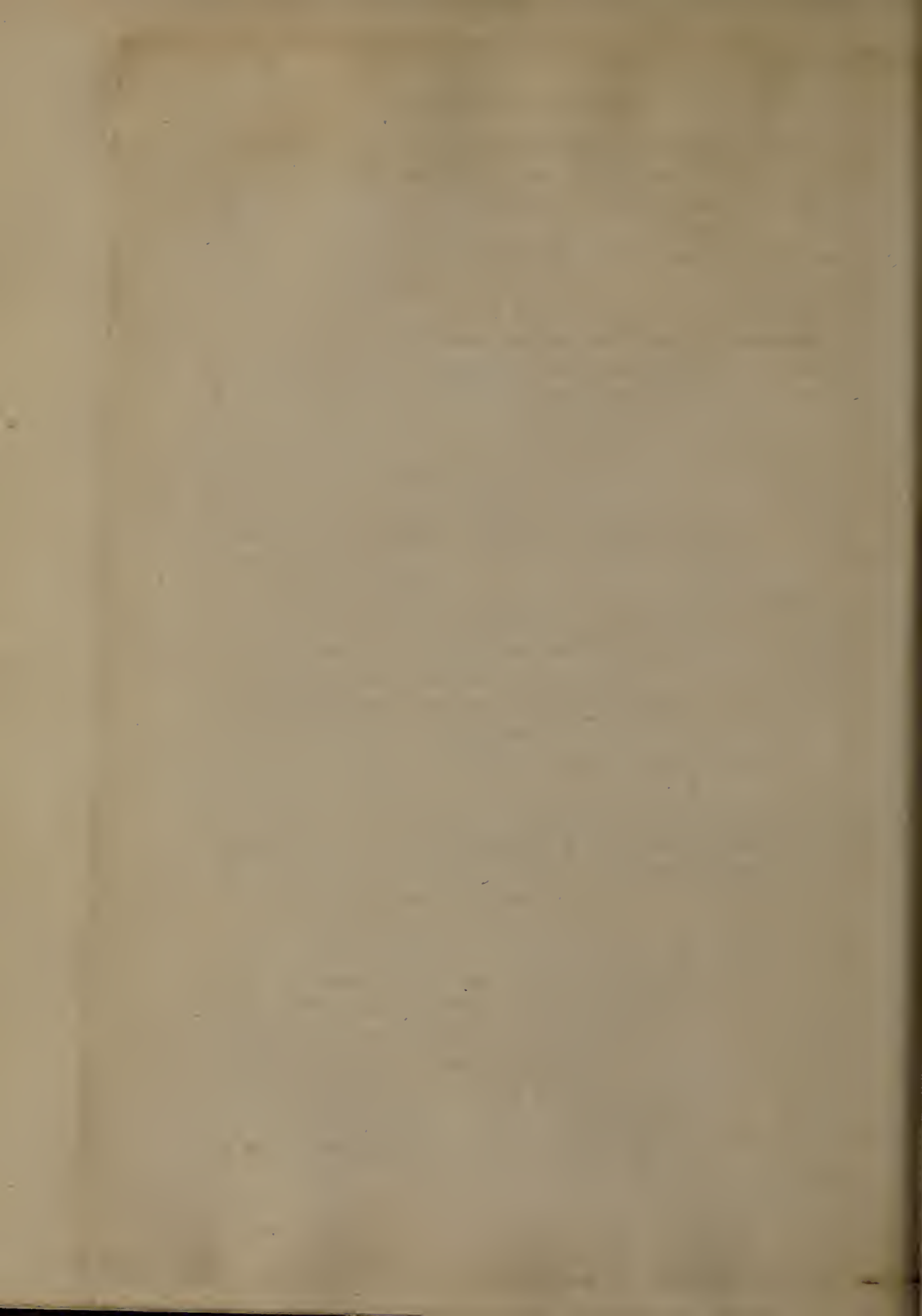
T. Ba. Sir have you dispatched me?

Clif. My *Hollidam* thats true?

VVhat sudaine busines of so maine import
Calls thee from thee warrs, where thou seest
Resolved spirits rate their lives at nought
Regardless of all miseries, for honours;
Thou a proficient in warrs Academ
Hast profited well; the first day an Ancient
In single Duell taken? I tell thee *Bateman*
It has wonne a great impression in my Lord.

Resolve





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Resolve thee so ; I would not have thee goe
To fish for shaddowes and let goe the substance ,
Thou know'st my meaning *Bateman*.

Y.Ba. I conſter it ?
That your ſuſpition deemes it to be love ,
In ſooth it needes not , ſuch a conſtant rocke
My love is built on that it cannot fall.
I cannot faſten jelouſie in my thoughts ,
Knowing her loyaltie ; great excuſes
For my intended journey know I none :
And to frame any were but negatives ?
Yet in my ſleepes I have ſtrange viſions,
VVhich waking I cannot thruſt from memory.
I doe beſeech your licence, let me goe.

Clif. My letters want but ſealing , follow me
To the Generalls Tent.

Exeunt.

Mi. Fellow *Bateman* farwell commend me to my old wind-
mill at *Radington* , oh the *Mooter diſh* , the *Millers thumbe* and
the maide behinde the *Hopper* ? tell miſtreſſe *Vrſula* I fight for
her ſake , and will live as long as I can dy when I can no longer
live , yet will love her in ſpight of her hart , in ſtead of nutmeggs ,
and ginger , I ſend her the three bawbees I got at *Dundee* . I will
fly on her at my returne with the verſes out of new *Hero* , and
Leander , oh *Vrſula* , *Vrſula* pity me with a *dildo* , *dildo* ,
dillory ?

Ba. Commend me to the Bells of *St. Maries* , and tell'em
my Chops water to chime all in ?

Io. As it is in the painted cloath , in morning ſtill when thou
dooſt riſe ſee that in minde thou have to ſpend the day that
doth enſue as bed might be thy Grave ; commend me to my
learned brother *Spritchall* the Cobler of *Notingham* brig ? and
bid him looke up and give me a coale , wiſhing him good
health , as my cat , and I was at the making hereof ?

Y. Ba. I will be mindfull of you all farewell.

Mer. Now is the time make your appearance :

Mi. Shoote ſhoote.

Doy. An the bred an gad man ſpeare the bonny laſſes.

The Vow-breaker,

Ba. Downe with the bonny Bels ?

Ios. Have some compunction th'are the weaker Vessels for as it is in the painted cloath, be meeke, and gentle, and thy selfe shall finde a quiet conscience, and a tranquill minde.

Mi. By'th masse a pretty boote halling, hanfome pagies each one take one, and examine the pricklers ?

Ios. Thy counsels smels of piety ? and thus I begin the conversion of a sinner ! —um—the Kisses well verily againe I will edifie on your lips — are you of the Family of Love sister—ha—

Mor. An the beanes of me ise a pure lurden ?

Mi. And what are you pretty morsell.

Doy. An the dele an the crag ise a Lardes wife ganging to seeke my Lourden ;

M. And you are ganging to your Lurden, that your Lurden may catch you by the crag, and claw you are the weame, till your guts garr haggergath, haggergath.

Ios. VVill you be contented to leave the wicked, and live among the familists, exercising your body in the brether-hoods cause ?

Mor. An the Lard nare thee with an my bare bones.

Ios. Kisse againe then—in sincerity she Kisses open mouthed like a zealous sister—

Bal. And you can wash, and scoure, and helpe to launder the campe, and dresse the booties we steale, and at night be content to Kennell with me in straw.

Sol. I by Saint Andrew ?

Ios. Let us congregate our selves, and ponder on their miseries.

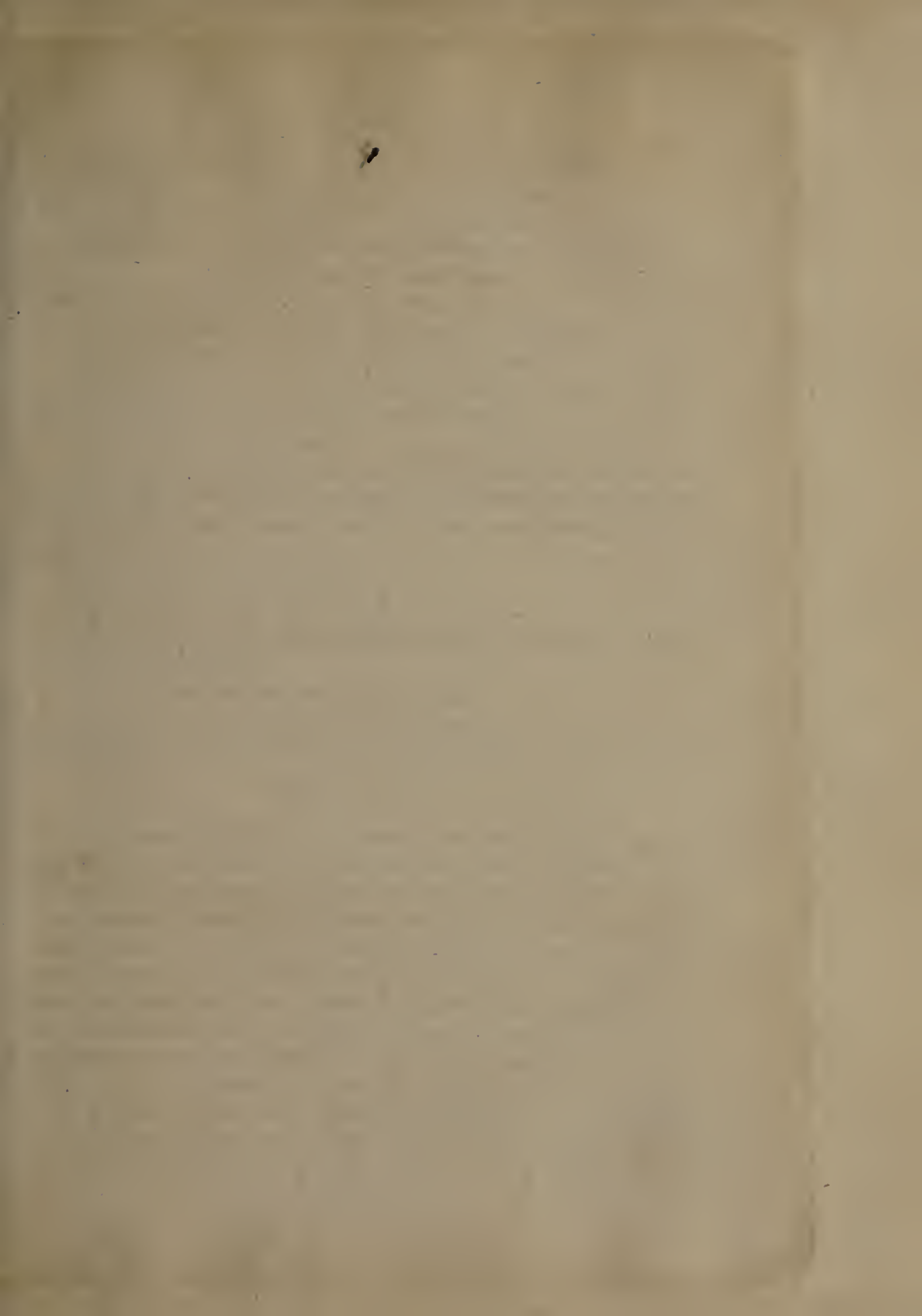
Doy. Now is the time each man draw, and fight. *Shoote, and*
Alarums.

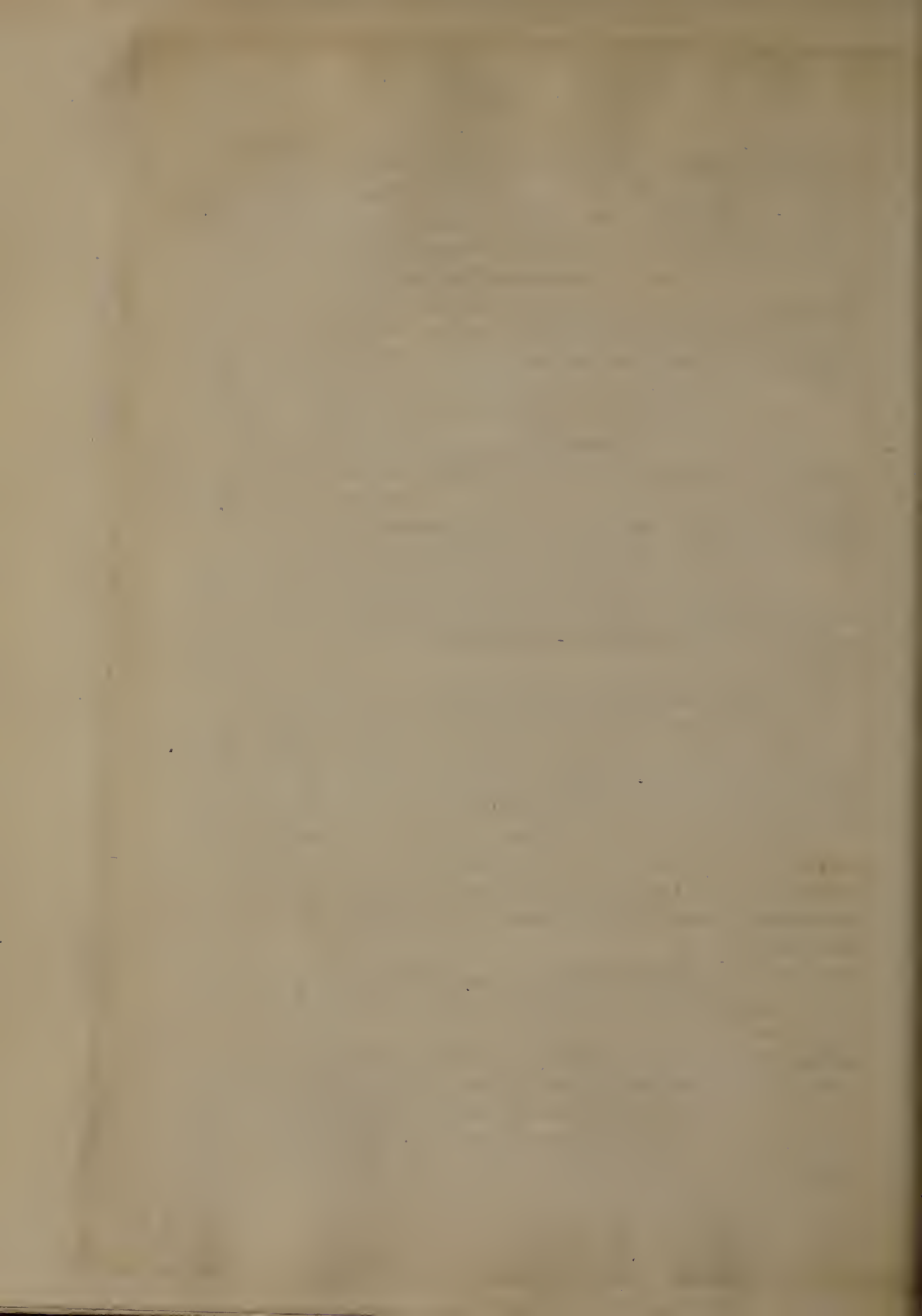
Alarums, the French beate of, place themselves on the Walls hanging out a head, Enter Clifton, Souldiers.

Clif. VVell fought my harts : though we have lost one man VVhose head they basely pearch upon the VValls.

Base minded *Doyfels* cowardly *Mortigne*

Though all advantages in warr are lawfull





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Th' are not commendable? you' came like your selves
Frenchifi'd truls, to scould us from our Trenches
But not to beate us? come either of you single,
And fight with *Clifton*, if not one, come both,
And by my Countries honour; no man heere
Shall dare to touch you but this arme of mine.

Doy. Vex not thy selfe old man, tis but one head
VVe came for more, but rest suffiz'd with this.

Clif. And for that one a thousand dastard *French*
Shall deerely pay, *Count* I shall meete thee?

Mor. *Clifton* thou maist!

Clif. By my *Hollidam*; our meeting will seeme rough our
parting faire? make this thy quarrell, I pronounce thy *Queene*
defective in beauty, vertues, honours, unto my mistris, *Englands*
royall B E S S E?

Mor. Traitor thou lye'st?

Clif. Have I sturd thy bloud?

Mor. VVith such an overture, but thy barbarous head
nothing can calme it?

Clif. VVhen next we meete we'le try it?
Each man unto his charge, for one mans head
A thousand *Frenchmen* shall be slaughtered. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Vrsula.

Vrs. Good VVives, VVidowes, and young wenches, pardon
me, for I am touched in conscience to raile on my owne sexe,
I blame not those mysogynists that say women are froward in-
constant, and what not; I protest I begin to mistrust mine owne
thoughts, I'am quite out of love with all womens good-
nes? fie upon us weather-cocks, of all things sublunary the
worst of creatures, we painted sepulchers, rotten braveries,
silly Ciphers untill mens figures supply us, and yet we cannot
render'em a constant minute; all this is manifest in my new
Bride, she that yesterday gave faith to one, the next day mar-
ried another; and now married shees sicke of the sullens,
shee wants youth to enflame, and give satietie a fresh
appetite; fie upon us Moone Calves, and created Fooles

The Vow-breaker,

be those men that credits us I see i'me cut off.

Enter young Bateman.

T. Ba. I weare that visage formerly I did,
Six Moones has not so metamorphos'd me;
But that I may be knowne ? all my friends;
My familiar sociates , and acquaintance
Carelessly passe me with a heavy glance
As if I were some rioter , or prodigall
VWho having ship-wrackt reputation
After an act of banquerout , compounds
VWith debtor , and creditour ; others
Shake me by'th hand , but with such lenity
As if I burnt them ? or that I from the warrs
Had brought home some diseases , as Killing
As the Plague , or more infectious.
My father whether for joy or sorrow,
As teares be answerable to both passions,
But he wep'd, cride welcome home , and fight;
As if some drops of bloud fell from his hart.
Heaven has a hand in all things ; if that
My *Nan* be well, we will dispense with greifes,
Of lower kindes Kind, cozen *Vrsula*.

Musique.

Vrs. Y're welcome home sir.

T. Ba. How fares my sweetest *Nan* ?

Vrs. Sooth badly , she has beene , Planet-strucke e're since
you went ? she fell into a Lethargy since noone , a kind of
qualme came o're her stomacke like a Crampe or a Conuul-
sion ?

T. Ba. The meaning of this *Musique* ?

Vrs. VVe had a VVedding to day, and the young fry tickle
trench-more.

Jervis , and Nan are

T. Ba. A VVedding, and here this day. *in the Window.*

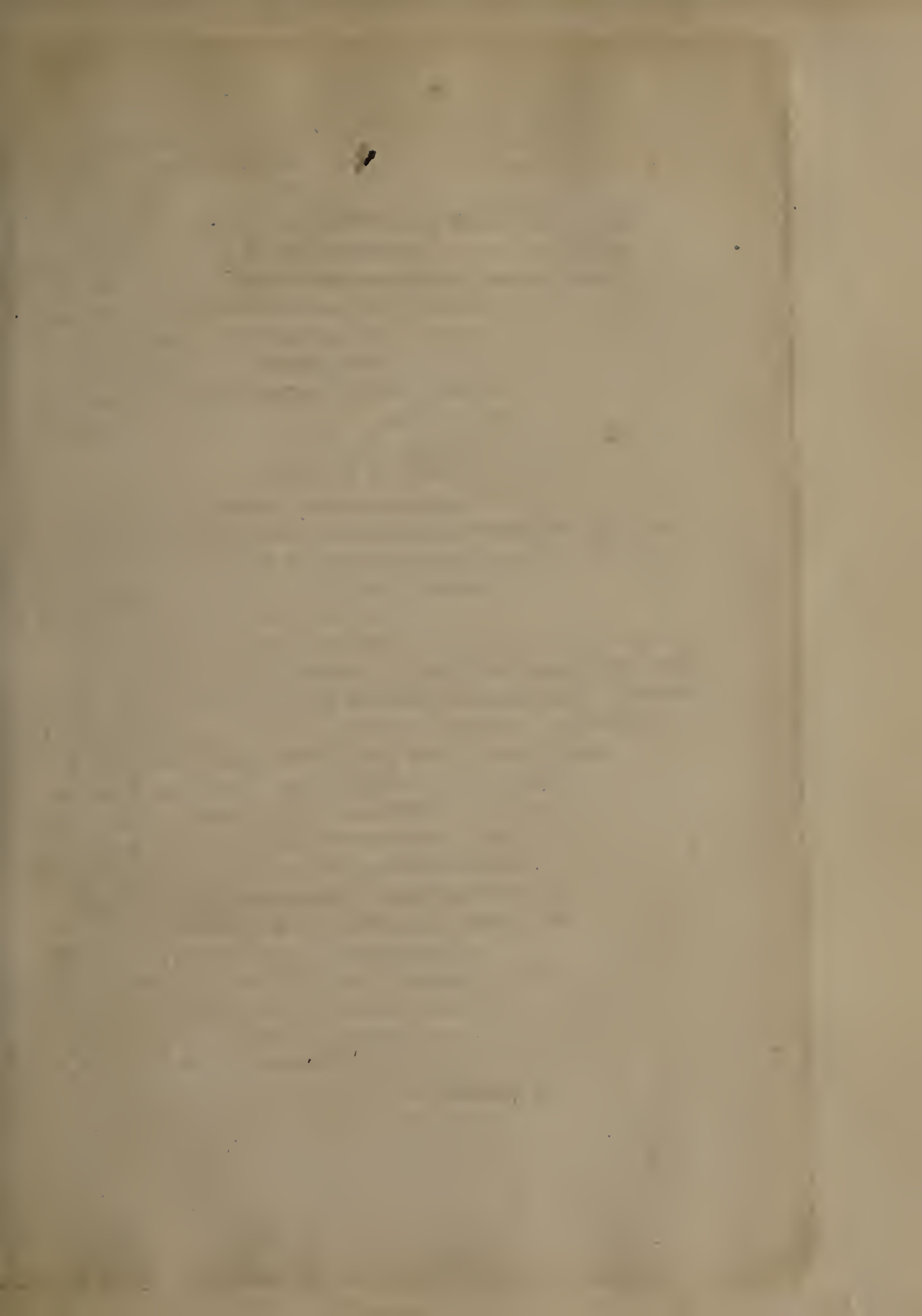
Blesse me what prodigious Object

Is yond , that blasts minceies , and like a theife,

Speales my understanding ! certes tis shee.

Is it not speake *Vrsula* ?

Vrs.





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Vrs. I know not, for had she as many bodies as harts, she might be here, and yonder too.

Y. Ba. Now by my life.

Vrs. Nay sweare not; if you have any ill language to spare
Ple send my Cozen to you presently. *Exeunt.*

Y. Ba. Strange feares assaile my senses, and begins
Conflicts of despaires, doubts, and feares,
And but I have a resolution fixt
On her fidelity; this frontispice
And other entertainments might confirme
Former presages.

Enter Anne, Vrsula.

An. VWho ist would speake with me?

Vrs. One that may be jealous though he weares no yellow.

Y. Ba. Her sight like to a cordiall has expell'd
All former grosse suggestions, me thinkes
I tast my happines e're I touch it.

An. Beshrew thy hart for this.

Vrs. Beshrew your owne false, if their be ill tis of your owne
begetting i'le provide Cocke-brothes, and caudles for your old
Cock-sparow. *Exeunt.*

Y. Ba. Shees dumbe with joy, and I like to a man
Intranc'd with joyes un-utterable, cannot speake?
But I have lost my selfe, I am awake,
And see a substance more then dreamers doe,
Thus in the armes of love I doe enfold thee.

An. I doe not know you—touch me not?

Y. ba. I wonder then how I dare know my selfe,
When thou forget'st me? I had thought
Had I ben fullide with the sooty *Moore*,
Or tan'd with heate like some *Egyptian* slave,
Or spotted li' e the *Persian* Leopard's,
Or in the worst forme can be termn'd,
Or imagin'd, yet thou coulds have knowne me,
I am thy *Baceman Nan*!

An. If you be *Baceman*;

The Vow-breaker,

T'were best you traveld from my fathers ground
Least he indite you?

Y. ba. If he should; yet if thou stand the judge
I know thou wilt acquit me of the crime?
But thou art pleasant, and like to a tender nurse
Heightens my infant joyes before it comes,
Be not so strange, this nicety in you,
Has not beene usuall.

An. It must be now for *I* am married.

Y. ba. I know thou art, to me my fairest *Nan*.
Our vowes were made to Heaven, and on Earth
They must be ratifide, in part they are
By giving of a pledge, a peice of Gold.
Which when we broke, joyntly then we swore
Alive or dead for to enjoy each other,
And so we will spight of thy fathers frownes.

An. You talke idely sir; these sparks of love
That were twixt you, and *I*, are quite extinct
Pacifie yout selfe, you may speede better,
Youle show much wit, and judgment if you doe?

Y. ba. She floutes me.

An. If you will be wise, and live one yeere a batchelour tis ten
to one thats odds, I bury my husband, e're *I* weare out my
wedding Ring.

Y. ba. Ha! a Ring, and on the right finger two.
Thou plaist the cruell murderer of my joyes
And like the deadly bullet from a Gun,
Thy meaning kills me, e're thy words gets vent.
Whose Ring is that?

An. My Husbands.

Y. ba. And art thou married?

An. I am?

Y. ba. When?

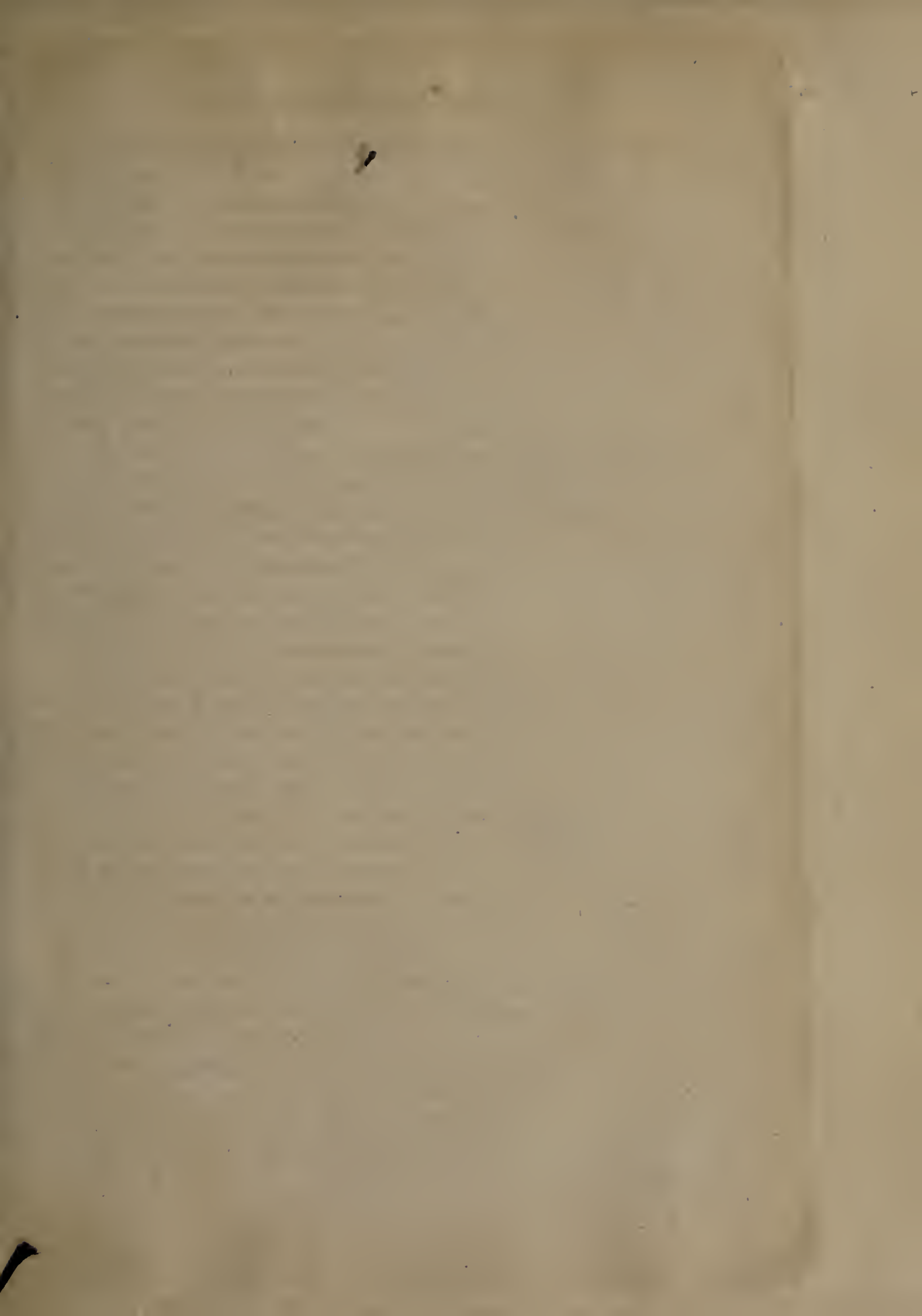
An. This Day?

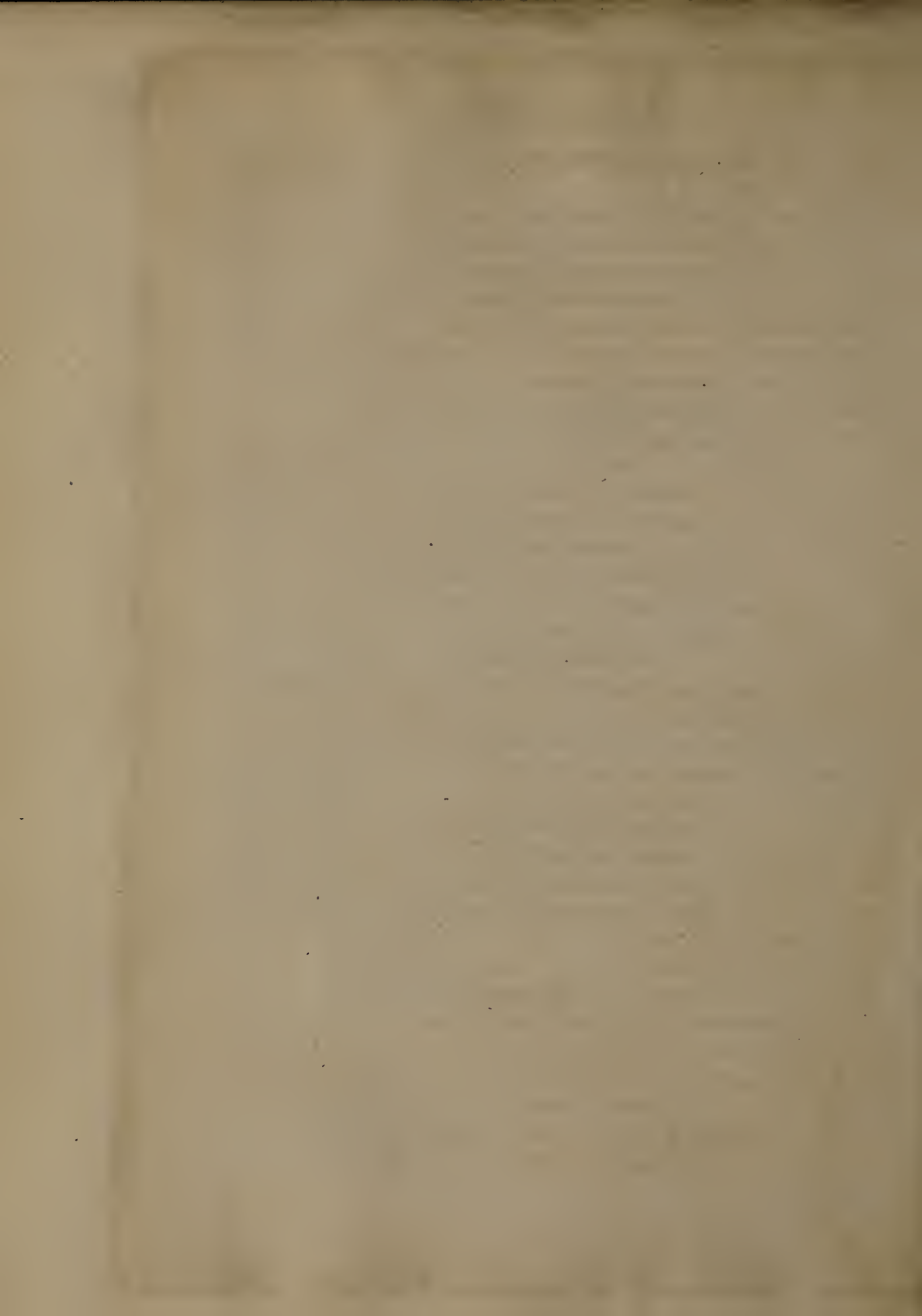
Y. ba. Accursed Day to whom?

An. To wealthy German?

Y. ba. To wealthy misery?

Now





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Now my presaging visions doe appeare,
Th'unusuall gestures of my mornefull friends
I now perceiue was thine ; false woman
As subtle in deceit as thy first grandam,
She but deceiv'd her selfe, deceiving man
As thou her jmepe of subtilty has done.
Strengthen me you ever Hallowed Powers,
Guard me with patience that I may not curse,
Because I lov'd her ; be assured this,
Alive or dead thy promise thou shall keepe
I must , and will enjoy thee ?

An. And may I tell you if youle stay my husbands Funerall.
I'le promise you i'le mourne, and marry all in a month.

T. ba. Ah monstrous ; she plaies with my disasters
As boyes with bubbles blowne up into aire,
You that have care of innocents be my guard
Least I commit some outrage on my selfe.
For such an overture , and flood of woes
Surroundes me ; that they almost droun'd
My understanding ; thy perivries shall be writ
With pens of Diamonds upon Leaves of Steele,
And kept as statutes are to show the world.
You constant Lovers that have truely lov'd
Without foule thoughts or lustfull appetites,
Come waile with me, and when your swelling breasts
Growes big with curses, come sit downe , and sigh
Such an inconstant faireon I have met
Whose deeds I shame to nominate , yet she
Sham'd not to doe them.

An. Prety passion this ha, ha, ha ?

T. ba. Take thy good night of goodnes ; this night
Thy bridall-night take leave of sacred vertue ?
Never thinke for to be honest more,
Never keepe promise , for thou now maist sweare
To any , thou never mean'st to doe ?
Hold swelling heart, for thou art tumbling downe
A hill of desperation ; darke thoughts

The Vow-breaker,

Assaults my goodnes ; but thou shalt keepe promise
Alive or dead, I will enjoy thee yet.

I have not curs'd thee yet, remember that ;
And when th'ast staind thy innocent sheetes with lust,
And with faciey fild thy empty veines,
Weari'd the night with wanton dalliances,
More prime then Goates, or Monkeys in their prides ;
Call then to minde how pleasant this had bene
Had it not bene adulterate ; for *German*
(Is not thy husband ; tis *Bateman* is the best.
I have not curs'd thee yet remember that.)

I'll muster up the forces of a man,
To quench the rising flames that harbor here
And if I can forget thee, by my hopes I will
And never curse the Auth'resse of my ill.
I have not curs'd thee yet ! now remember
Alive or dead tis I that must enjoy thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Vrsula.

Vrs. By my virginity the Groome cryes to bed, night goes
to Goast, how now another *Niobe* turn'd to stone, blesse me
has the Conjurer bene here.

T. Ba. Alive or dead I must, and will enjoy thee,
It was my promise ? I cannot chuse but weepe.
I have not curs'd thee yet, remember that.

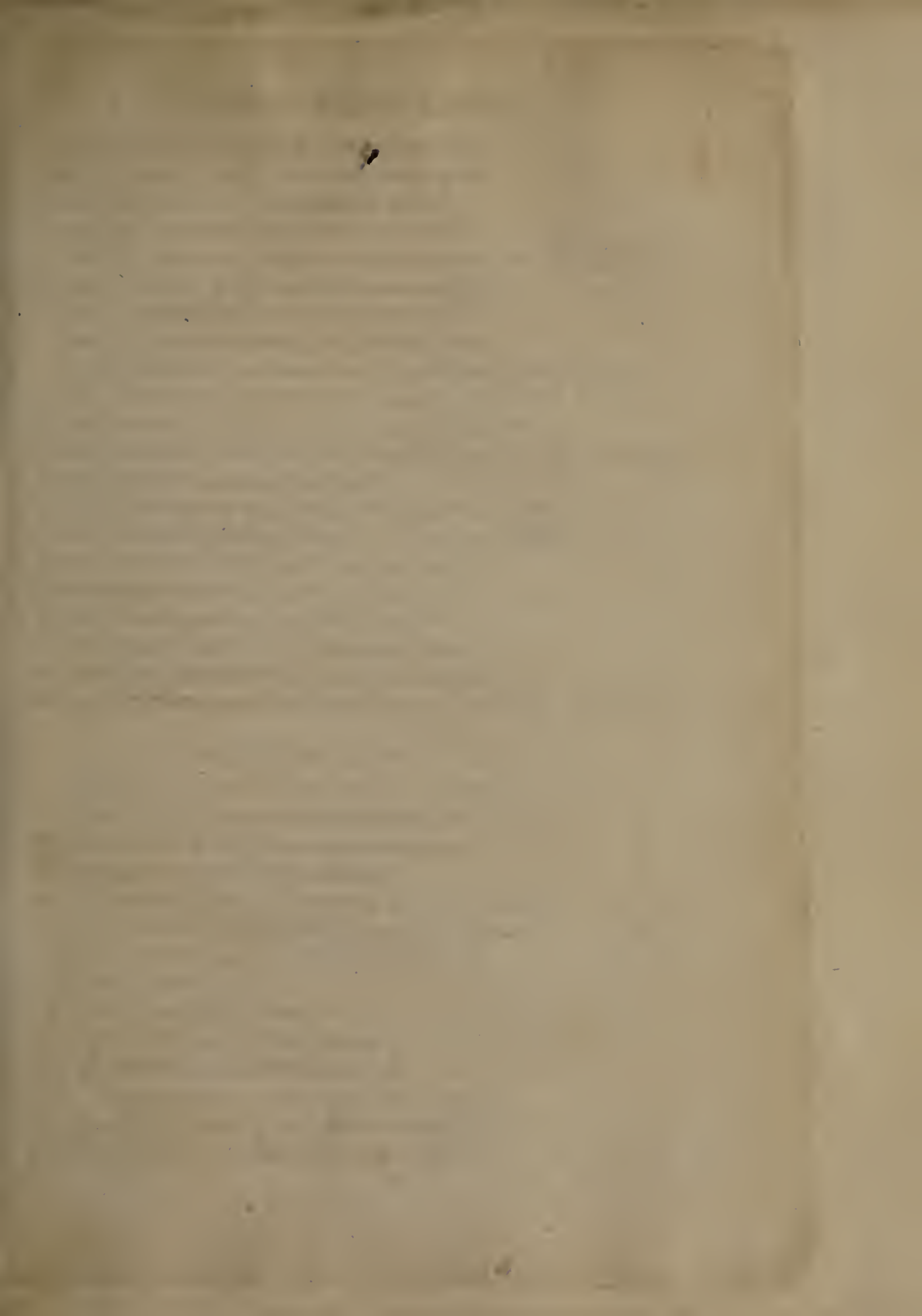
Vrs. Hey day what inundations are here, will you come away,
and the Groome should geld himselfe for anger there would be
fine sport.

An. I have lost my selfe, and know not where I am !

Enter Boote.

Bo. Come, come, I have daunc'd till every joynt about me
growes stiffe but that which should be I to bed wench, the
groome he's out-gone thee, he's warming the sheetes the first
night I faith.

An. To bed ! oh heavens, would it were to my grave
So I might never here of my misdeedes





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

I have not curs'd thee yet ! remember that
Alive or dead I must , and will enjoy thee
How like the deadly tawling of a Bell
A peale of sadd presages were his words.

Bo. Ha, weeping ; this is not customary on bridall-nights,
Neece who was with your Cuz too night ?

Vrs. Vncle there was a certaine man

Bo. I, I, but where is that certaine man

Vrs. There is the woman, but the certaine man is gon

An. A certaine man indeede, for whom I now
Could weepe a Sea, to wash out my pollutions ?

Bo. But nimble Chaps, tongue Trotter, Neats-Tongue Mrs Magpy
What was this certaine man called

Vrs. With reverence Vncle his name was *Bateman* ?

Bo. An undermining Knave, I will indite him,
For daring to set foote upon my ground ?

This day his father hath arrested me

Vpon an action of a thousand poundes

A precontract betwixt his son, and thee

To bed my wench, *Bateman* shall surely finde

Me master of my words, when his proves winde. *Ex. Omnes.*

Enter Mortigue meeting Clifton.

Clif. Thou keepst thy promise *Mortigue.*

Mor. In all things as befits a man of worth

Thou hast abus'd my princely mistris name

Sully'd her royalties with infamies,

And from thy throat, as from a Serpents chaps.

Belch'd poysons 'gainst the Dowager of *France* ;

To prove thele false I made this sally forth

Onely to emba'e thee.

Clif. By my *Hollidam*,

I'me glad I've wak'd thy temper !

The end still finds it selfe in every act,

And so shalt thou in thy presumptuous braves :

The honour of my mistris makes me young.

Her name shootes majesty into my looks,

The Vow-breaker,

Valour into my hart, strength to this arme
Which thou shalt feele to thunder on thy Helme,
Guard thee *Frenchman*, i'me sure thou canst not fly;
Bravely i'll kill thee, or else bravely dy.
Th'art my prisoner *Doyfells*.

Fight, Clifton disarmes him, Enter Grey, Arguile, Souldiers.

Mor. Through chance of warre I am.

Arg. Hew him in peeces.

Clif. By my *Hollidam*?

My life shall stand betweene him, and danger.
He's my prisoner, and by the Law of Armes,
Yeilding himselfe a Captive to our mercy,
His life is ransomable; let our Generall
Decree his rancome, and after dispose of him.

Gr. Noble *Clifton* his rancome is thine owne,
Dispose of him as thou pleasest.

Clif. By my *Hollidam*, and will?
There take thy Armes, retorne backe to *Leith*.
With our best convoy; I tell thee *Merriguc*
My hatred is not capitall, though honour,
And warrs necessity made me storme;
When to these walls thou seest my white coates come
With scaling ladders to assault the Towne.
Be mercifull as I have bin to thee,
This is all *Cliftons* rancome.

Mor. I shall report thee noble!

Gr. Thanks noble *Clifton*,
Thou still ad'st honour to thy Countries fame,
Make scaling Ladders, for we straight intend,
By heavens assistance to mount these walls,
Courage brave spirits, every act finds end,
Wee leteach the *Frenchman* keepe within his bounds
Or send him home full of heroicke wounds *Exeunt Omnes.*

Young Bateman ins shirt, a halter about his necke.

T. Ba. It tis resolv'd! life is too burthensome,

I've



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

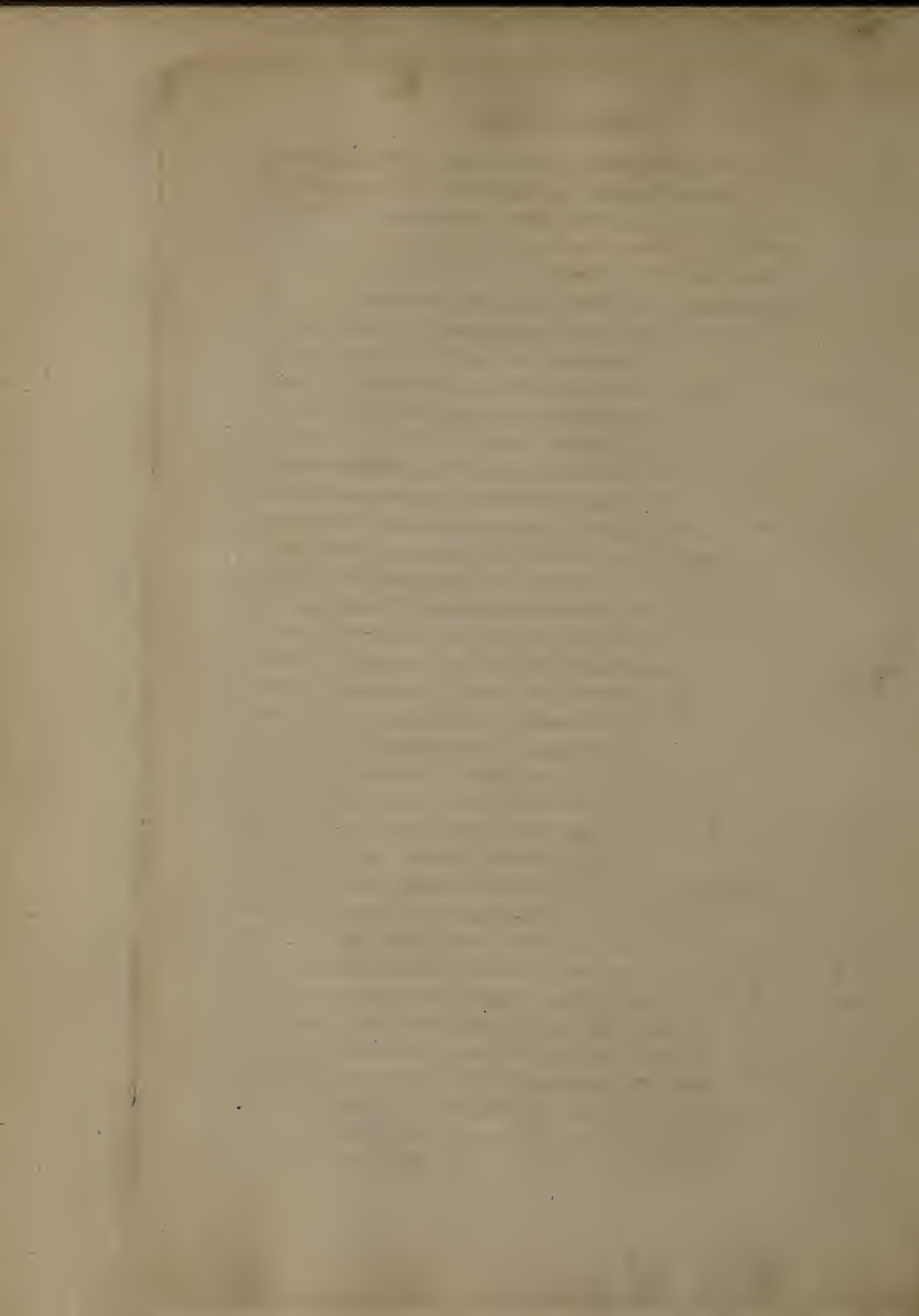
I've borne while I can, and have suppress't
All insurrections pale Death has made.
It is my terrour that I live to thinke
I beare a life that is offensive to me.
Pale monster in thy meagereſt aspect
Come, and affront me; fill thy unpauncht nerves
With my harts blood; till with the overture
Thy never ſatiſſied maw be ſated?
But cowardly monster thou approcheſt none
But thoſe that fly thee, and like to greatnes
Wouldſt be ſo elivated for doing good,
That of thy ſelfe thou never didſt intend.
Poore Snakes that are in worldly ſorrowes ſowrſt
Cannot participate thy *Ebon* Dart.
Tis ſaid thou art not partiall, and doſt winde
The Prince, the begger, and the potentate
All in one mould; but they doe falſifie
That ſay thou art ſo tiranouſly juſt,
For I have ſought thee through the unpend groves,
The ſhady cells where melancholly walkes,
And eccho-like thou anſwerſt me with Death,
But darſt not ſhow thy face; the worlds monarch
In three fits of an Ague di'd. Some flies,
Some ſilly gnats can kill! let me conſume
then maiſt thou brag thy conqueſt, that thou ſlewſt
What neyther love nor hatred could deſtroy.
Since thou diſdainſt me, I diſdaine thy power,
There be a thouſand waies to cozen Death
Behold a Tree, juſt at her doore a fruitleſſe Tree
That has in autumnne caſt her leavy boughs
Sorry to ſhow ſuch fruit as ſhe produces.
The night ſeemes ſilent, ſleepe charmes the houſe,
And now the periurd woman is a topping,
I'll clime as high as ſhe, yet I'll not reſt,
My airy ghoaſt ſhall find her where ſhe lyes,
And to her face divulge her perjuries.
Night be auſpicious, draw thy ſable weedes,

The Vow-breaker,

For day-light is a asham'd of her blacke deeds
One twich will do't, and then I shall be wed
As firme unto my grave, as to her bed.

Falls, hangs, Enter old Bateman i'ns shirt, & Torch.

O. Ba. I've miss'd my boy out of his bed to night
Heavens grant that he be well, for in his eyes
Sad discontentment sits ! till yesterday
I never saw him so propense to sorrow.
Nor deeply touch'd with distemperature;
When I began to tell him of his mistris
Which I in violence of wordes branded
With damned perjury ; as Heaven knowes
She has consum'd her goodnes ; then would he
Sit by , and sigh, and with salt teares trilling
Downe his cheekes, entreat me not to name her,
Curse her I must not ! then would he steale to bed,
As full of mournfull sorrowes as a sinner.
Tis almost morne, and I suspect him here
Hovering about this house ! oft would he say
He woo'd her underneath a *Plume-Tree*,
And underneath that Tree he vow'd to sit,
And tell his sorrowes to the gummy boughes
Though she disdain'd to here them ? protect me !
Good Angells guard me, what heavy sight is this
That like a fullen sadnes reaves my sense,
Prove false mine eies that this may prove untrue ?
Better you never had seen then to see this.
Leave your slimy cesternes, and drop out ;
Tis he, tis he, would I could tell a ly:
The falsest one that e're was tould by man
That this might prove untrue ; but tis in vaine
To darke the Sunne, or wrastle 'gainst the truth.
Murtherers looke out, i'le rowze the thunderer,
To rowze you from your sleepes ! false feinds come out
And see a deede, the day wilbe asham'd of
Caused by your perjuries.



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Bo. Whoes that which calls
With horrid terrour, and such affrightments
As when skath fires devaft our vilages,

*Boote, Anne,
Vrsula, above.*

O. Ba. Looke this way monster see thou adultresse
Behold the miserableft Map of woe
That ever father mourn'd for; my poore boy
Hard-harted fate that brought thee to this end,
Hated *Vipers* they that were the causers,

Bo. How darft thou *Batemán* come upon my ground

O. Ba. Curs'd be thy ground, and curs'd be all trees
That brings forth fuch a bortive fruit as this.

Bo. Ha, ha, ha— he hang'd himfelfe, and fav'd justice alabor!

An. I never look'd for better end of him, he had a malevolent
aspect in his lookes, ha, ha, ha!

O. Ba. Laught thou *Crocodile*?

Are miseries lamented with contempts?

The bookes of fate are not fo clofely shut,

But they may open, and record the fcorne

Dwelling in every Region of thy face?

A fixt decree may be fet downe for thine,

And thou maift Swan-like fing a Funerall O'de,

Who then fhall laugh at thee?

Bo. I laugh to fee, how well sorrow becomes thee.

O. Ba. Such dire becomings maift thou never want,

Thou that wert once the Jewell of thefe eies,

Looke here, and fee the ruines of pale death.

How foone a Gorgeous Pallace is fwecke downe;

Though he has fufferted upon this peece.

He has not tane the colour of his cheek;

Nature contefts with death, and will out-doe him;

Canft not thou spare one teare to balme him in,

Nor lend a figh as forry for his fall?

If not to day i'le come againe to morrow,

So thou wilt fhed two teares, and one poore figh,

Then gentle *Charon* will affigne him wafftage;

Thy greifes are violent, and worke within

Tis a fowle figne of an unpersant hart,

The Vow-breaker,

When as the eyes cannot impart a teare.
Since none of you will weepe, i'le weepe alone
Till *Niobe* like my teares convert to stone.

An. Had you disciplind your sonne in's youth
You might then have prevented your teares?
Cause he was bad, and I did shun his evils,
Must I be held the cause res of his ils?
Must my vertues beget his perversnes,
Or my obedience breede his shamefull death,
If the World ballance me uprightly just
I care not then which way you turne the Scales;

O. Ba. Worse then the worst that ever could be nam'd.

An. My best counsell is that you bury him as the custome of
the Country is, and drive a stake through him; so perhaps I
that had no quietnes with him whil'st he liv'd, may sleepe in
peace now he's dead.

O. Bat. I will not curse thee, t'was my boyes request
Such deedes as these sinke not in oblivion,
The justnes of my cause I leave to Heaven.
Maist thou live mother of many children,
And may they prosper better then did mine.
Come poore boy these armes have borne thee oft
I'le have thy picture hung up in my Chamber,
And when I want thee I will weepe to that
Deaths Leaden Plummetts draw thine eielids downe,
Since none will sing sadd obsequies but I,
I'le call the *Linner*, *Red-brest*, and the *Throsle*,
The *Nightingale* shall beare the burthen two
For she is exquisite in tragicke notes,
Weele have a Funerall hymne, and o're thy herse,
This womans perjuiries i'le pen in verse.

Enter

An. How now cozen weeping?

Vrs. Troth Cozen,
Though griefes of lower kinds assaile me not,
I never was so touch'd unto the hart,
Mine eies so flexible are to melt in teares
I cannot stop'em; I shall be still affraid

To



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

To walke to'th doore when I behold this Tree,
For feare his Ghost haunte me! I wonder much,
You could forbear from passionating.

An. Affraid on's Ghost, as much as of a picture painted o'th
wall! that's just like we fooles that rub our shins 'gainst the
bed posts in our dreames, and then sweare the faries, pinchd us?
he swore he would have me quicke or dead. Let him ly still in's
grave I will in my bed, and let consequents prove the rest?

Bo. Ghosts *Hobgoblins*, will with wisse, or Dicke a Tues-day.
Thy husband wench this morne journeyes to New-Castle
And hardy will returne these twelve Moones,
Let's feast with him, for Ghosts, and such like toyes
Leave them to foolish dotards, girles, and boyes. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Tertius Scena Prima.

Enter, Anne hastily, pursuing Ursula, with lights.

An. Keepe of, keepe backe, I charge thee.

Urs. Las Cozeni me not infections my breath cannot blast you?

An. It haunts me as my shaddow or a vision?

It will not let me rest sleepe, nor eat,

The barricoded doores and iron locks.

No sooner shut but like a new clasp'd booke

Their leavy hindges streightway fall asunder,

And it gets in; I wonder tis not here,

This is a gentle respite, and not usuall,

Since *German* went I never had so much;

It plaies the centinnell at my beds feete?

And but it wants the rosie coloured face

Whom meager death has plaid the Horse-Leech with;

It would not seeme so ghostly in these eies,

It beares the perfect forme it us'd to doe.

As if it never knew immortality

Nor wasted underneath a Hill of Clay.

Sometimes as curious limners have pourtraid

Teares

The Vow-breaker,

Teares trilling from the weeping *Niobe*,
That some would sweare the very picture wept,
And art of nature got the mastery?
So did I guesse afflux of brinish teares
Came from this Aiery, and unfadom'd Ghost?
And could the Painters of this age draw sighes
I could demonstrate sighes; and heavy groanes
As if a sensible hart had broke in twaine?
Then would it turne, and cry false woman.
And leave me to descant on the rest!

Vrs. You tell me of an object, and a strange one,
But whose is the resemblance?

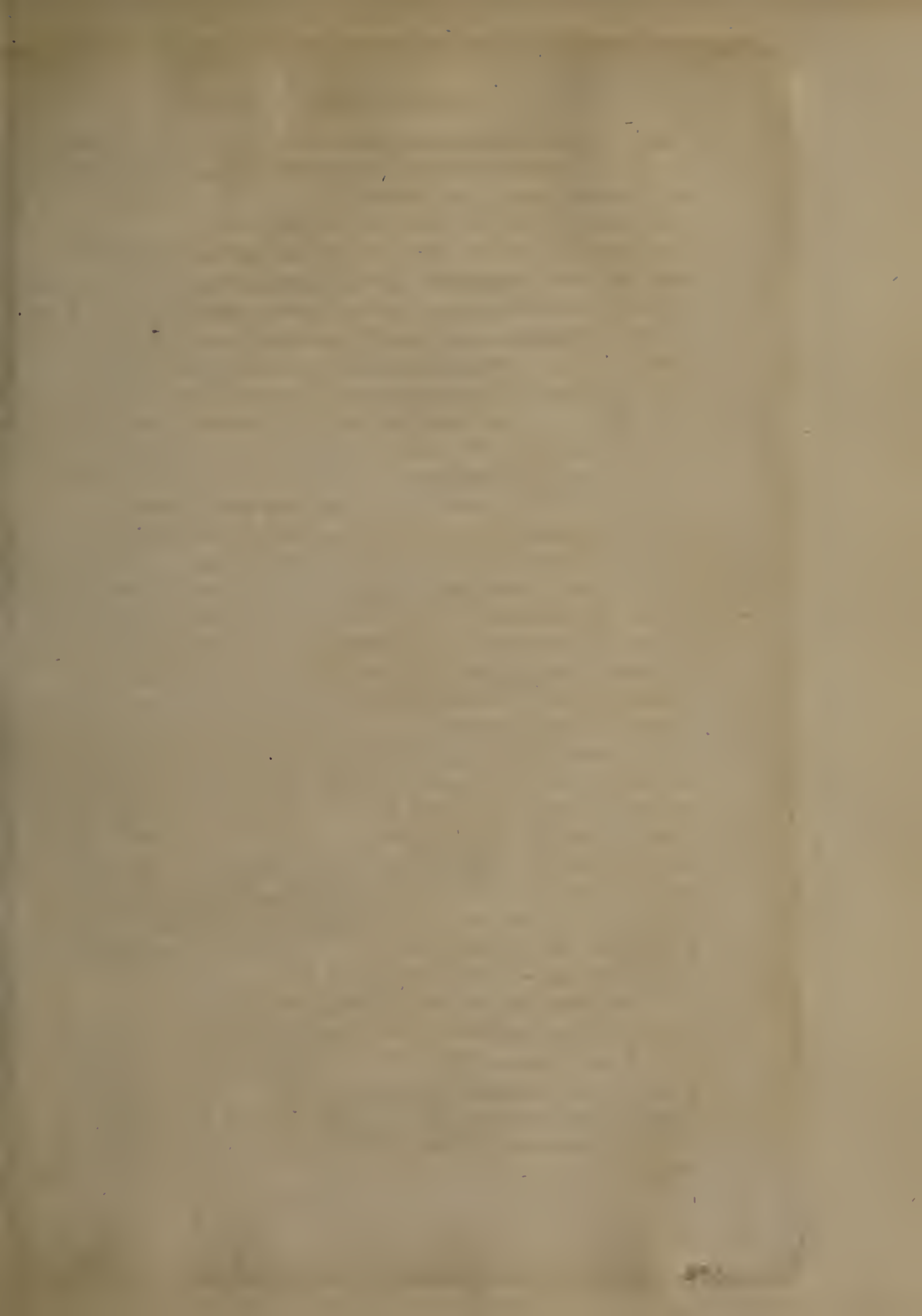
An. I theirs the point,
For that I must be pardon'd; oh my shame
That I should be the cause'res of a deed,
I blush to nominate.

Vrs. Has it no name!

An. Yes sweete *Vrsula*,
But such a one as sadly agrauates
My woes in repetition; pray leave me
I am addicted to contemplation
But rest within my call.

Vrs. Tis but your fond conceit; I've heard you say that dreames
and visions were fabulous; and yet one time I dream't fowle
water ran through the floore, and the next day the house was
on fire; you us'd to say *Hobgoblins*, *Fairies*, and the like were
nothing but our owne affrightments, and ye oh my troth Cuz
I once dream'd of a young batchelour, and was ridd with a
Night-Mare. But come, so my conscience be cleere I never care
how fowle my dreames are. *Exit.*

An. Thou now hast touch'd the point,
Tis conscience is the Larum Bell indeede
That makes us sensible of our good or bad?
You that are Lovers, by me you may perceive
What is the burden of a troubled minde,
Take heede of voves, and protestations
Which wantonly in dalliances you make,





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

The eie of Heaven is on you , and your oaths
Are registred ; which if you breake, blesse me.

Enter Ghost.

Gho. Thou can'st not fly me,
There is no Cavern in the Earth's, vast entrailes
But I can through as pearcant as the light,
And finde thee, though thou wer't entomb'd in stone,
Thou can'st not catch my unsubstantiall part,
For I am aire , and am not to be touch'd.
From flaming fires of burning *Phlegeton*,
I have a time limited to walke,
Vntill the morning Cocke shall summon me
For to retire to misty *Erebus*.
My pilgrimage has no cessation,
Vntill I bring thee with me to the place
Where *Rhadaman*, and sable *Aeacus* dwell
Alive or dead, tis I that must enjoy thee,
To tell the story where we spirits live
Would plucke *Vermilion* from thy Rosie cheekes,
And make them pale, as Snowy *Apennines*,
And from thine eies draw liquid streames of teares
More full of issue then a steepy Fountaine,
Alive or dead I must, and will enjoy thee,
Thinke on thy promise.

An. Distraction like an Ague seizes me,
I know not whether I see here , or speake,
My intellectuall parts are frozen up
At sight of thee , thou fiery *Effigies*
Of my wrong'd *Bateman*.

Enter Boote, Ursula.

Bo. What weeping againe ?

An. Doe you not see it ?

Bo. See ! what ? I see nothing but a Bird fly o're the house.

Urs. Nor I, but a blinde Buzzard lookes as like her husband
as may be.

The Vow-breaker,

An. Are you blinde, or will you make your selves so? -
See! how like a dreadfull magistrate it standes,
Still pointing at me the blacke offender;
And like a cunning poysoner, will not kill me,
But lets me linger on, for daies, and yeares.
It stares, beckons, points, to the peece of Gold
We brake betweene us; looke, looke there, here there!

Bo. I see nothing, perceive nothing, feelee nothing!

Vrs. Nor I, no quicke thing, neyther cloath'd nor nak'd.

Bo. No, no, no! you dranke *Baulme*, *Burrage* or *Buglosse*
last night to bed-ward, that makes you thinke on your dreames
this morning.

An. But I will too't, hug, and embrace it.

Gho. Thy time is not yet come; i'm now exild.
I may not touch thee while thou art with chil'd. *Exit Ghost.*

An. you doe not heare it neyther?

Bo. Whom should we heare?

An. Young *Batemans* visage.

In every limbe as perfect as he liv'd.

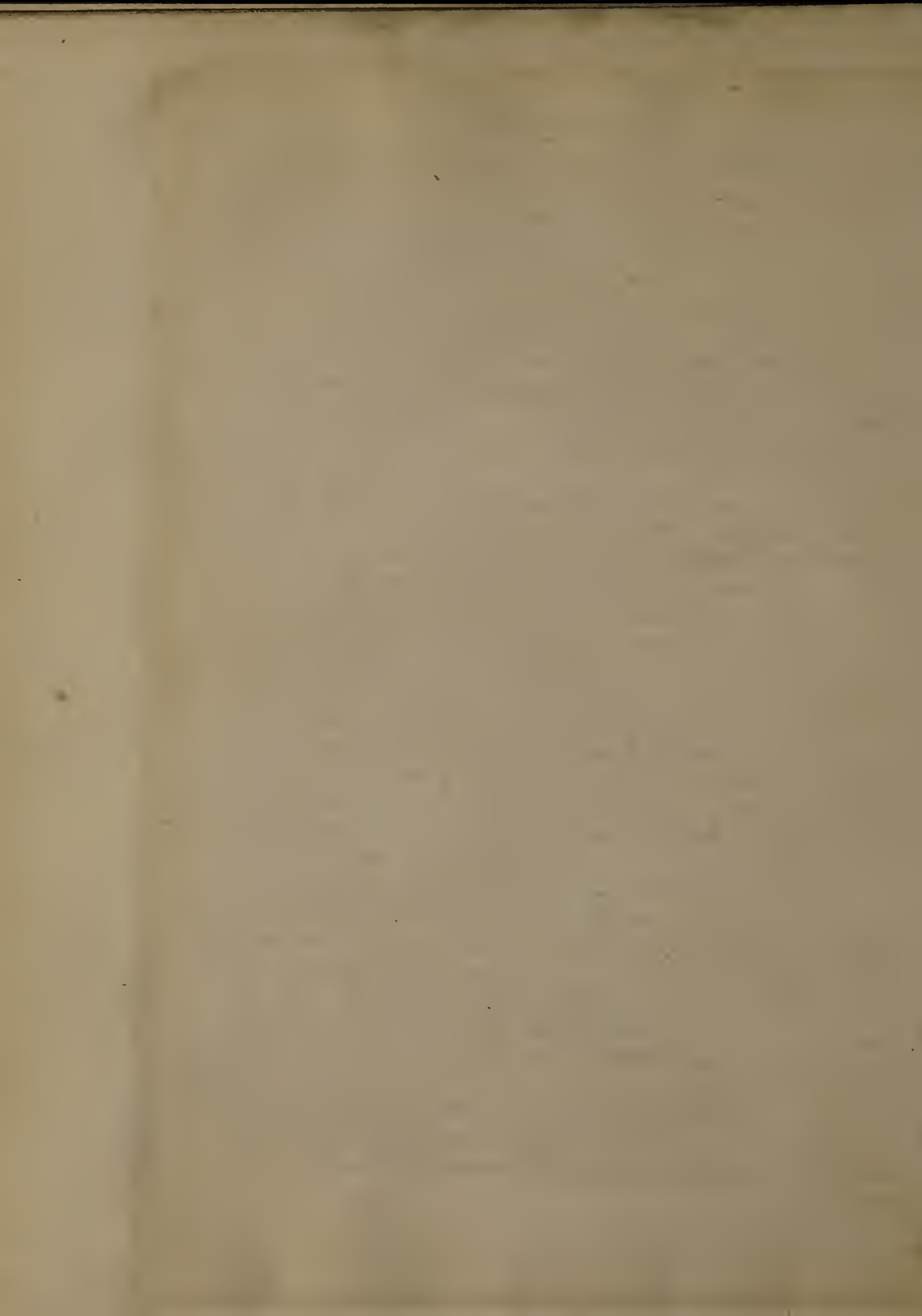
Bo. If it be so, 'tis done by forcery,
The father has combined, with some witch,
To vex thy quiet patience, and gaine credit,
That he would haunt thee dead, as oft he said,
Hell can put life into a senseles body,
And raise it from the grave, and make it speake;
Use all the faculties alive it did,
To worke the Devill's hellish stratagems!
If I but finde he deales in exorcimes
I'll make him burne to pacifie the Witch,
But doe not beleive it girle.

An. 'Tis vanish'd in an instant!

I will not be too confident in my eies,
Will you grant me leave to visit *Bateman*?

Bo. Visit mine enemy?

An. I have an inward sorrow bids me doe it,
I did him wrong to gybe his miseries
When as he bore the dead *Corpes* in his armes,



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

My *Genius* tels me, I shall have no rest
Till I have made contrition;

Bo. But not to him.

I'de rather live subiected to a *Turke*,
Goe not my girle, i'le feast all thy senses,
Thy pallat shall with viands be suppli'd,
Thine eares with heavenly rapture live inspir'd,
Thine eies with sportive action, and delight,
Thou shalt have Musique to consume the day,
And wast the night.

An. Musique! harsh *Ravens* croake?
Scritch-Owles shreile, the augurers of night,
Are first companions for my mellancholy,
I must goe see him; if this apparition
Appeare not in his sight, my conjecture
Shall judge it nothing, but my conscience
That finds me guilty for my blacke offence; *Exit.*

Bo. Follow her Neece,
She beares a Plurisie of greifes about her,
And much I feare the weakenes of her braine
Should draw her to some ominous exigent!
Would she had ne're, infring'd her vow to *Bateman*
Or I had ne're knowne this wealthy *German*!
If he prove harsh to her, i'le make him know,
An inforc'd hate to vengeance is not slow. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter Joshua, his Cat in a string, Miles, Ball.

Bal. Nay sweete *Jo.* be persuaded.

Io. Persuade me, I scorne to be persuaded? *Ball* thou art
Heathnish, for the offence is foule which thou would'st cloake,
I'me not to be persuaded, I will doome the creature; and
burne the cloake of her knavery; yet in sincerity I will doe no-
thing without good colour.

Mil. Thy colour s, *Jo.* were better bestowed on course wait-
ing women *Madam Makeroones* that sell paintings, and stop
holes with plaister of *Paris*.

The Vow-breaker;

Ios. Miller, Miller, thou art not mealy mouth'd ; those be the Heathen bables, the May-poles of time, and Pageants of vanity, but I will convince them of error , and scoure their pollutions away with the waters of my exhortations.

Mi. Why should'st thou hang thy Cat?

Ios. Thou art saucy, *Miller*, & ought'st not to Cathechise me so,

Bal. And it were but for Country sake.

Mi. Sweete *Jo.* consider thy Cat is thy Countreiman,

Bal. Hang a poore Cat for killing a Mouse?

Mi. Knowing the proverbe too , Cat after Kinde.

Bal. As it is in the painted cloath too ; when the Cat's away the Mouse will play.

Ios. I, but as it is in the painted cloath, beware in time for too much patience, to Dog or Cat will breede too much offence. She did kill a Mouse, I but when? on the forbidden day, and therefore she must die on Munday.

Mi. Then shall thy zeale be proclaim'd, for hanging thy Cat on Munday for killing a Mouse on Sunday.

Ios. Miller thou art drunke in thy enormities , and art full of the cake of iniquity. *Gray, Arguile, Clifton.*

Bal. Well, to thy execution we commit thee.

Ios. Blessed be the instruments of silence ; poore Puffe take it not ill that I must hang thee , by that meanes I free thee from bawling Mastifs , and snarling Currs ; I have brought thee up of a whelpe , and now will have a care of thy end.

Gr. A notable exhortation.

Ties her.

Clif. List to the sequell ;

Ios. When thou art dead , thou shalt not curse me ; for my proceedings shall be legall ; thou art at the barre of my mercy, and thus I ascend to judgment, as it is in the painted cloath.

Gr. Harken the inditement.

Ios. Tybert the Cat ; as it is in the painted cloath, of the Bull, and Cocke , sometimes house-keeper, drudger or scourer to *Marmaduke Ioshua*, Limner alias painter-stainer, & now the corrector or extirper of vermine, as Rats, Mice, and other waspish animalis; thou art here indited by thy deare Master *Marmaduke Ioshua*,



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Ioshua for breaking of the high-day, what sayst thou for thy selfe? guilty or not guilty? hah.

Gr. Would she could mew *non* guilty.

Ios. Know'st thou not, thou silly Cat, that thy brethren will not Kill the Calfe nor rost the Mutton nor boyle their flesh Pots on the high-daies? was it not decree'd by our learned brother *Abolt Cabbage*, Cobler of *Amsterdam*, that they should be held uncleane, and not worthy of the meanes that did it, and did not expect Cratchet Coole his proud flesh in the Leene for making insurrection on the high day?

Clif. A point well watred.

Ios. Did not *Nadab* the Sowe-gelder make a gaunt of his gelt for being cumbersome on the high-day? Ha thy silence argues guilt; hast thou not seene the whole conventicle of brothers, and sisters walke to *St. Anns*, and not so much as a fructifying Kisse on the high—

Gr. It seemes the elect Kisse weekly.

Ios. And must thou kill a Mouſe? oh thou wicked Cat; could'st thou not turne up the white of the eie for the poore creature? thou gluttonous Cat, thou art now arraigned, I adjudge thee to be hanged this munday, for killing a Mouſe yesterday being the high-day.

Offers to hang her.

Gr. Stay, stay, a pardon, a pardon!

Ios. I am hot in my zeale, and fiery in expedition,

Clif. Wee'le talke with you hereafter.

Ios. I was executing a point of justice, equity, and conscience.

Gr. A pleasant Tragedy, the Cat being scap't,
What Trumpets this?

Enter Crosse.

Cros. *Monlucke*, Bishop of *Valens*,
Newly anchor'd in the haven of *Inskeith*,
Desires safe convoy by your honours forces,
From the red Brayes to *Edenborough* Castle,
The rest on enterview he will impart.
Such entertainment, as the warre affourds

The Vow-breaker,

The Drum the Fisse, the thundering Cannon,
The shrill Trumpets, and all war-like Cymballs,
Such Musique as in warrs Souldiers measure
Bestow on him; come he in warr or peace
He shalbe welcome?

Io. Oh that prophane surplesse, ho, ho, ho.

Enter Monlucke attendant saluts.

Mon. Mary, King *Dolphins* wife, Dowager of *France*,
And heire apparant to the *Scottish* Crowne,
Hearing of devastations in her Lands,
And the oppressions that her neighbour *Princesse*
With rough hostility grindes her people,
Me her Legat she sends to *Edenburgh*,
To parley with her Mother the *Queene* Regent,
And Article A peace twixt her deare sister,
The *Queene* of *England*, and the Lords of *Scotland*,
If our conditions may be made with honour,
This is my message.

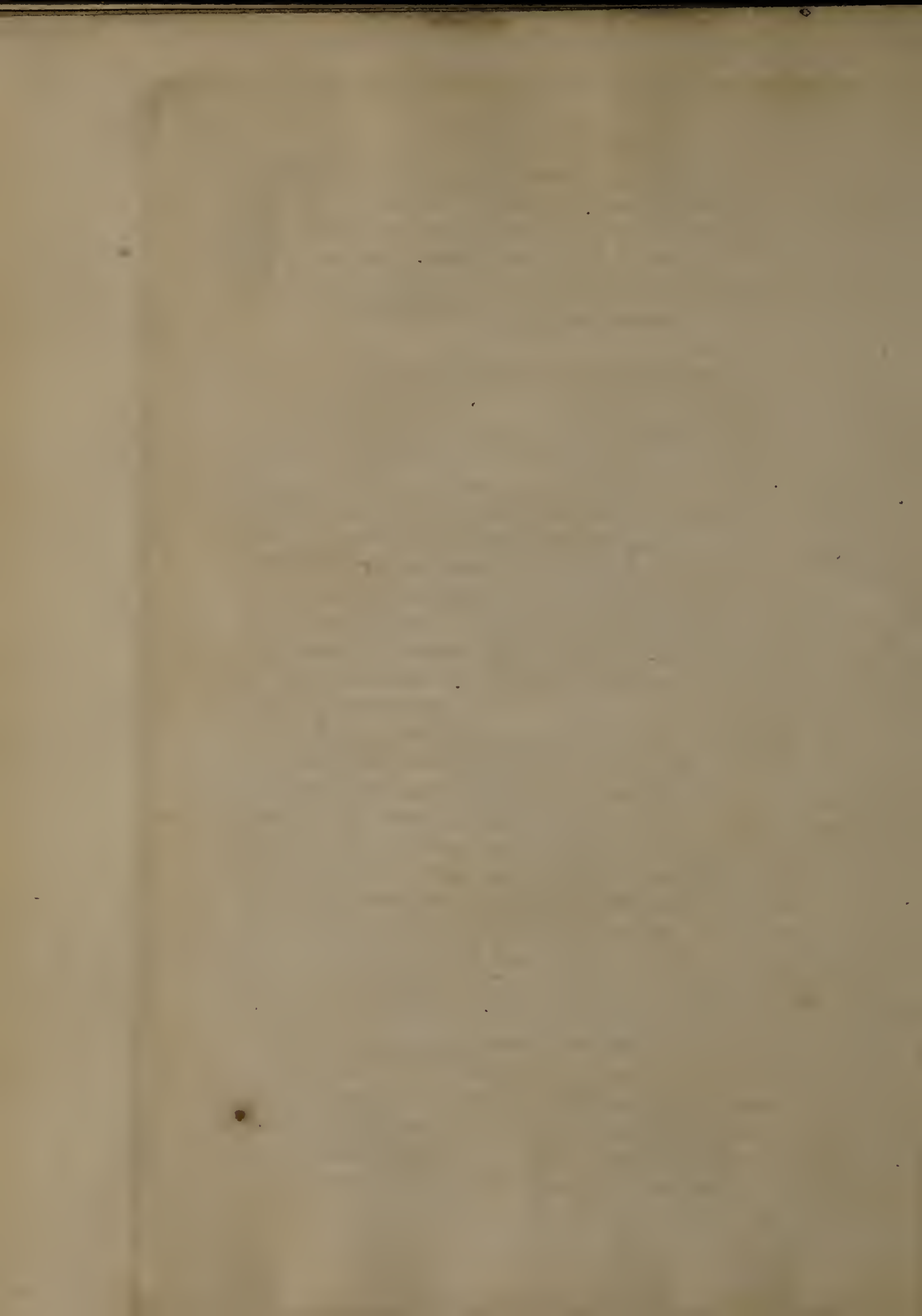
Gr. Eyther for peace or warre.
The *Queene* my Mistris now is arm'd for both,
For like a vertuous *Princesse*, and a Mother
O're us her loving subjects, and her sons,
She knowing a Kings security rests,
In the true love, and welfare of her people,
Raish'd this hostility for to guard her selfe,
Not to offend, but to defend her owne,
Her Secretary *Sicill* now attends
On the like Embassy for *Edenburgh*,
Whither your selfe shall safely be convoy'de.

Mon. You are an honourable foe.

Gr. Will the *Queene*,
Lay by her nicety, rough fil'd phrase,
And not articulate too much with *England*?
For by the power of warr e're two suns rise
Weele mount the walls of *Leith*, and sacrifice,

Her





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Her guilded Towres, and her *French* insulters ;
In flames of fire ; we vow to hazard lives,
And honours in the enterprize.

Exeunt Omnes.

*Enter Anne, with a Torch, Vrsula, Bateman, wailing-
his Picture.*

An. Softly, softly ; fie on your creaking shooes, what noise they make ; shut the Dores close, it does not here us a jot, looke well to the Darneicke Hangings, that it play not the Court Page with us.

Vrs. Heer's not so much as a shaddow to affright us, for mine owne part neyther *Incubus* nor *Sucubus* can do't ; I feare not what a quickething can doe, and I thinke y'ore dead things are too quiet to say any harme

An. Yet all is cleere, no frightfull vision
Nor Ghostly apparition hauntes me yet ;
Yonders thy father, good powres assist me,
That I may gaine his patience to heare me,
And I am hartily satisfied.

O. Ba. *Pigmalion* doated on the peece he made,
So doe not I upon thy pourtraiture.
I doe but hang thy faire resemblance here
To tell me of my immortality.
How sensible young Cedars are o'th winde,
When as the aged Oake affronts all stormes
'Tis death, and natures fault, for the Diamond,
Of blooming youth, despise decaying age.
He might have tane thee el'ce, and left thee boy.

An. Whom talkes he too ? my life Coz, he has a ghost too !
Yet I see nothing.

Ba. How now *Hyena* ; why camst thou hyther ?
Com'st thou againe to gybe my miseries ?
Has thy maligneing harted father sent thee
To scoffe my sorowes ? keepe of I charge thee,
Thou did'st bewitch my poore boy with a Kisse,
Thy breath is sure infectious, and I feare

Theirs

The Vow-breaker,

Their's something in thee smells of sorcery.
Stand at distance.

An. Good sir, use patience,
That in extremity is soveraigne Balme,
Teares be my witnes I come to comfort you,
Yet I see nothing.

Ba. Teares? 'tis impossible!
Marble will drop, and melt against the raine,
And from the craggy Rocks, Fountainous Flouds
Oft get inforced issues; but to gaine
Relenting teares from thy obdurate harte
'Tis impossible, as to force Fire from snow
Water from flint, say the Sun shall not shine,
As well upon the begger as the King,
That is alike indifferent to all.

Vrs. Good sir remember,
Forgiveness is an Attribute of Heaven.
She has a hartie sorrow for her sinnes,
And comes to make attonement, if you please.

An. Still I nothing any where.

Ba. Pray listen;
Would not that Physitian be well hang'd
That for his practise sake Kills his patient,
And after pleades a sorrow to his freinds?
She weepes, an evidence of a hartie sorrow,
My boy would not have seene her weepe thus long,
But hee'd have minister'd comfort! my teares
Playes the theife with mine eies too.

An. Yet all is safe; sure it was but my dreames,
Sir you had a son, blesse me 'tis here now.

Enter Ghost.

In the same figure that it us'd to be.
Peace is more deare, and pretious unto me
Then a nights rest, to a man turmoil'd in Law.
My eies set heere un-mou'd, i'll gaze with thee,
Vntill the windowes of my head drop out.
But then my minde wilbe afflicted too.
For what is unseene there, is visible here.

Lead





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Leade me, i'll follow; though to a desert,
Or any uncouth place, worke thy vengeance,
And doe not torture me alive; neyther.

Gho. All things keepe their time!

An. Let all times daughters which are daies, convert
To one day, and bring me to my period,

Ba. Whom converses she withall?

Vrs. To her unseene fancies.

An. See with eies of wonder! see!

Ba. What should I see?

An. Aske you what? why 'tis your son,
Just as he di'd, looke, looke, there, here, there.

Ba. Is this thy sorow, com'st thou to mocke me?

An. Just heavens not I! see how it smiles on you,
On me it hurles a dejected looke. *Takes the Picture.*

Ba. Because I hang his Picture ne're my bed,
Com'st thou to laugh me! out out, fond-ling noe!
See thus I gaze on it; stroke his snowy hands,
And prune the curled tresses of his locks,
Which the Artf-man neatly has dishevell'd.

Vrs. Good sir; have patience, her's is true sorow,
And not derision.

Stands betweene the Picture, & Ghost.

An. Another Ganimede!

This eye, and yon'd, are one? this front, that lip.
This cheek, a litle ruddier shoves then that,
The very ashie palenes of his face,
The mossie downe still growing on his chin,
And so his Alabaster finger pointing
To the bracelet, whereon the peece of gold
We broke betweene us hangs.

Ba. Certes shee's madd.

An. Pray come hither,
You shade this Picture from the pearlant Sun,
And curtaine it, to keepe it from the dust,
Why are you not as chary then of that?
It lookes as it were could, alas poore Picture,

The Vow-breaker,

Ba. Heers but one Picture !

An. I say theirs two,
You will not see this for to save a Curtaine;
His knotty curles, like to *Apollo's* tramells
Neatly are display'd ; Ple. sweare the Painter
That made this peece, had the other by it.
Why doe you not speake too it ? 'tis your son,
May be, he's tongue-tide, and cannot crave blessing,

Ba. I could tell thee, I nail'd him to the Earth
Riveted a stake quite through his bosome,
And bid thee goe seeke him; but I love not
To mocke miseries ; i'le take this Picture hence,
It troubles your sight.

An. And you'd removethat, I'de thanke you ;

Ba. 'Tis thy forc'd fancies, and thy guilt together
persuades thee so ; pray thee be a woman,
Whom thou can'st to comfort, comforts thee ;
Though I intended to have hurl'd at thee,
Stings of dishonour, ignominies, reproaches,
And all the stocke of calumnies, and scorne,
Which thou art guilty off ; now my pity
Converts them into sorrow for thy sorrowes ;

Vrs. A blessing crowne you for it.

An. And can their be a hope you will forgive me ?

Exit Ghost.

Ba. Hartily I doe—

An. See i'ts gone now.

As if it vex'd to see your clemency.

Ba. Dis temper not your selfe at fancies ;
Your time hastens to maturity,
Y'are very big, and may endanger your fruite;
If you give way to passions.

An. I will be abortive,
As are my actions, I shall not live
To take felicity in it ! see i'ts here againe.

Enter



er the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Enter Ghost, and Exit.

Gho. All things keepe their time.

Ba. Come goe with me.

I'll give thee comfortable cordialls
That shall remove these objects from thine eies,
Expelling all disastrous accidents,
And plaine thy thoughts as smooth as innocence,
Which when thou hear'st, then in rapture boast,
Thou dread'st no visions, fury, feind nor Ghost. *Exeunt Omnes.*

An. Be you my counsellour, and father too,

Vrs. Whom I admire for noble honesty.

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Clifton, Grey, Arguile, Ioshua, Miles,
Ball, Souldiers.*

Gr. What day is this?

Clif. Tues-day the seaventh of May.

Gr. This day shall in our *English* Calender stand
Eyther to our dishonour, or great fames,
When Chronicles in after ages tell
The seaventh of May we scal'd the walls of *Leith*,
We have begun, dreadlesse of death, and dangers,
And like to loyall subjects held the rights
Of our deere Mistris Queene *Elizabeth*.

When Captaine *Randall* gives the Alarum,
Assault, assault, each man salute his freind,
Take solemne farewell till this seige have end.

Omnes. Assault, assault.

Gr. Holdes every man his charge as we ordred?

Clif. I guesse so my Lord;

Howard with his Launce-tieres quarters

Twixt Mount *Pelham*, and the Sea by VVest.

The Vow-breaker,

Stout *Harry Percy* with his barbed *speeres*
Neighing for action guardes the Tents by East,
Arguile, with shot marches for the Hill *Brey*;
Sir *Francis Leeke* keeps the water-ports,
I the greene Bul-warke opposite to *Doyfells*
With tough hardy *Nottingham* shire boyes
Wee'le fall before we fly, by my *Hollidam*.

Gr. I'le man this bul-warke 'gainst proud *Mortigue*.
Clarke, the Allarum, each man unto his place. *Exeunt Omnes*.

After squirmishes. Enter Grey, meeting Clifton,
with Armour.

Gr. How goes the day, sir *Jarvis*?

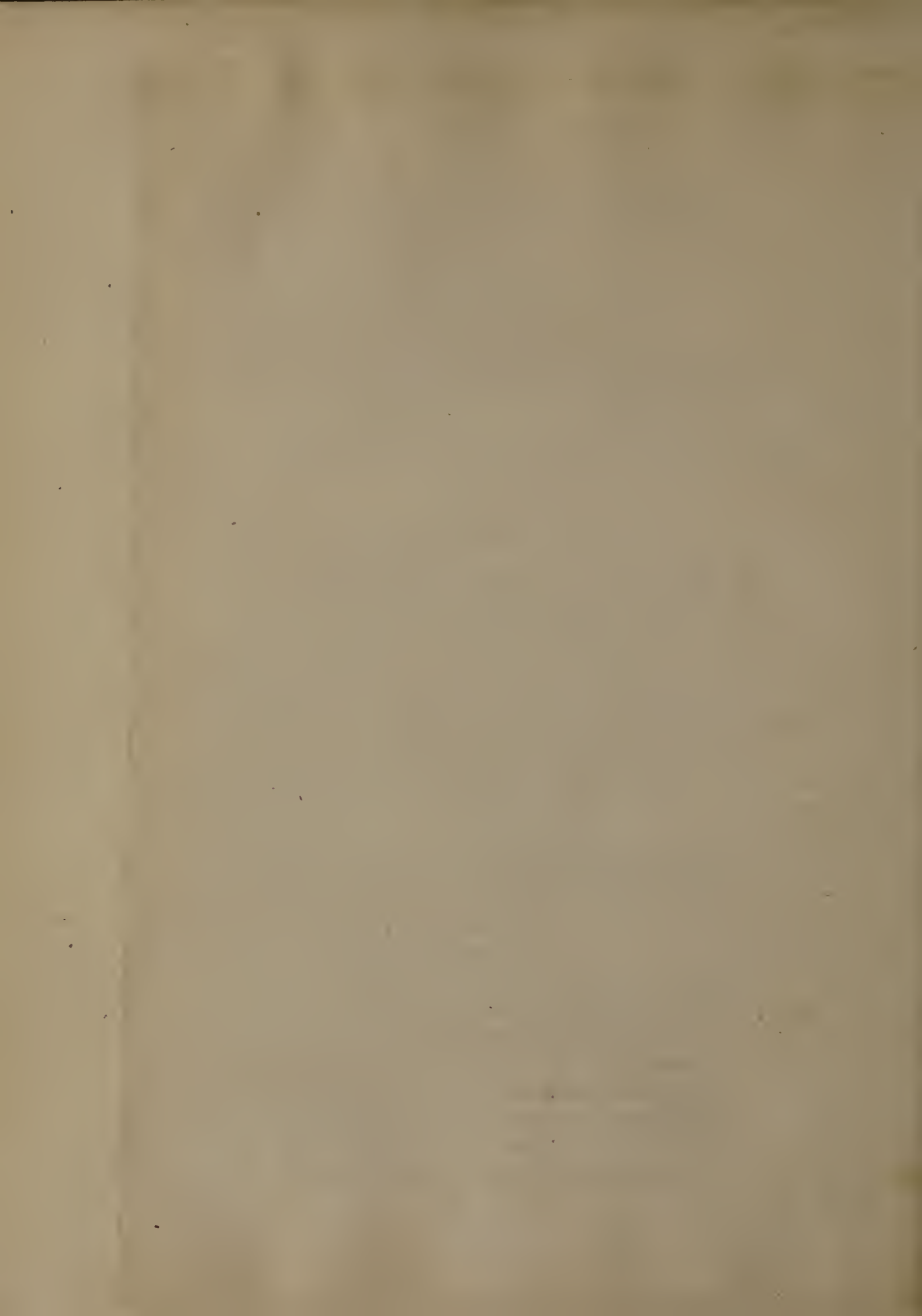
Clif. Ti's bloody.

The thunderer, on both sides shootes his boules
Valour is at the touch-stone of true tryall;
The *French* like to so many gods of warre
Bravely brandish darting fire from Steele;
The valiant *Scot Arguile* commandes the Hill,
The Towne playes fercely; their came a shot
Of full two hundreth weight into my Tent.
Doyfells has thrice assaulted me, I fac'd him,
And from his sides, like *Libian Hercules*,
I tore the rough *Nemean Lion's Skin*
His Armour of good prooffe which here I beare;
And will not part from, but with losse of life.

Gr. See! *Arguile* appears.

Arg. Man! the water-ports,
With all the Engines of defensive warre;
Well fought *Vaughan*, he mans the trenches bravely
Young *Arthur Grey* assaults the stony mures,
Up goes the scaling Ladders, now they mount,
Now *Sommerfet*, now *Read*, now *Valiant Brey*,
Towering like eager *Haukes* who shall get high't!
Like angry *Lions*, or incenced *Tygers*;
The *Frenchmen* labour, greedy for the prey,

Now



or the fayre *Maid of Clifton.*

Now the hardy *Scots* as swift as *Roes*,
Climbe the walls, and tosse the *Frenchmen* downe,
Now from the mount their thundring *Cannons* roare,
Whose direfull clangors shake their huge structures,
And like an earth-quake tumble to the Earth,
Their steeples, Ordinance, Gunners, all at once,
Now *Inskeith, Sutton, Newport, Conway, Fitton*,
As dreadles enter dangers, as their Tents;
Accursed chance, the Ladders are too short,
VWhich gives a treble, vantage to the *French*.
Now the foe triumphes, now our white coates fall,
Now groanes the mother, now the virgin sighs;
Death wilbe master, neyther party winns
Now flies the *English*; now the *French* follow,
And now their horse-men sling about the sands,
Howard counterbuffs their canvasadoes
Like chaffed *Bulls*, or foaming *Bores* they strive
For mastery; the *Frenchmen* flie the Towne,
And seeke for shelter. Now men your Trenches,
Count *Mortigue*, and *Doyfells* from the Towne
Make expedition! now sings the god of warre
His direfull Anthemes; now fight, or never,
We now are free-men or elce bond-men ever.

Alarm. Enter Doyfells, Mortigue, Souldiers.

Doy. Thou bear'st my armour *Clifton*;

Clif. My *Hollidam*,

Thanke me *Doyfells*, I did not take thy head.

Mor. I came to seeke thee, *Grey*;

Gr. The Towne I see was too hot to hold thee;

Elce thou'st have nest'd in thy pent-house still.

Clif. Wee'le not articulate.

Alarums Monluck, Crosse,

Mon. Th'effuse of bloud is great, betweene the Armies.

VWhich had bene better never spent, then ill;

You of our party, by our commission,

VVe doe command your tariance; your Lords

The Vow-breaker,

Of *England*, and of *Scotland* we entreat
A litle patience till your *Heralds* speake.

Cros. *William Cesill* the *Queenes* Secretary,
Wotton Deane of *Canterbury*, and *Yorke*,
With sir *Ralph Sadler* joynt Commissioners,
Commands thee *Iohn Lord Grey* of *Wilton*,
Now Generall of her Majesties forces,
To make immediate repaire to *Edenburgh*,
And present lay by all hostility,
From this houre untill seven a Clocke at night.

Mon. The like on your allegiance to *Mary Dowager* of *France*,
and *Queene* of *Scots*, we doe commend.

Mor. We obey, and instant will give order.

Ger. The like doe you sir *Iarvis*,

Clif. Now we have beaten them out of the Towne, they come
To composition.

Ger. Give order through our Trenches, Tents, Bul-warks,
That not a peece of great nor smaller shot
Prove preiudiciall to the *French*; untill from us
You have commission; my Lord of *Valens*
I'll waite on you to the commissioners,
If we have peace tis welcome, and if warre.
We are for eyther object, both we darre.

Exeunt Mon. Grey.

Clif. My *Hollidam*.

What a new monster *England* has begot
We cannot fight because we want commission?

Mortigue, *Doyfells*, by my just *Hollidam*

It greives me that we must not fight it out.

Come le'ts shake hands; till seven at night all freinds
After such greetings, as on warr depends.

Doy. VVe dread not chances.

Exeunt Omnes.

*A bed covered with white, Enter Prattle, Magpy, Long-tongue,
Barren with a Child, Annie in bed.*

Pra. Lord, lord, what pretty impes you are in your majorities!

Marg.

or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Mag. Is it a man-child Mother *Praile*?

Pra. No in-sooth gossip *Mag-py* it is one of us, heavens blesse thee babie, and a well appointed impe it is.

Lon. See how it smiles.

Barr. That's a signe of anger, t'will be a shrow I lay my life.

Pra. No, no, *Mistris Barren*, an Infant smileing, and a Lambes bleateing is a signe of fertility it is so in *Artimedorus*; you frown'd when you were borne, and thats the reason you are so sterill; *Artimedorus* saith so in his fourth booke.

Mag. VVhat pretty dimples it has!

Long. Fathers none nyes.

Pra. None nose.

Barr. Smooth fore-head!

Mag. Cherry lip!

Pra. Had it bene man-child, their had bene three evident signes of an whoremaster; a Roman Nose, Cherry Lip, and a bald Pate, for so *Artimedorus* in his Problems.

Mag. VVell, well, whosoever got it, 'tis as like none father as an Apple to a Nut, insooth Gossip *Praile* it is.

Long. It smiles still! sure it was begot in a merry houre.

Barr. Then I was got in a merry vaine; for praised be to memory my Mother said I hung the lip at my nativity.

Mag. Lord Mother *Praile* doe the Modernes report soe?

Pra. I surely Gossip *Mag-py*, and it is a great signe of frugality if the Starrs, and Planets be concordant, for saith *Artimedorus*; if it be borne under *Venus*, it will be faire as you are, if under *Sol*, Rich as you are, and if under *Mercurie*.

Mag. Good Mother *Prattle* what is that god *Mercury*? is it he that makes the white *Mercury* waters, Ladies scoure their faces withall!

Pra. I surely Gossip, and stop their wrinkles with too, and saith *Artimedorus*, in his third booke of his Modernes, if borne under *Castor*, and *Pollux*, store of children.

Mag. *Caster*, and *Bollux*?

Pra. You speake broad Gossip, 'tis *Pollux*.

Mag:

The Vow-breaker,

Mag. Why *Bollux* be it then; surely *Barren* was not borne under *Bollux*, for she has bene married this seven yeares, and never had childe,

Bar. By your favour Gossip *Mag-py*, you were borne under *Caster*, and *Bollux* then, for you had two children before you weare married.

Enter Vrsula.

Pra. Insooth Gossip, she has given you a veny; Good lacke mistress *Vrsula*, where have you negotiated Your selfe; you should have bene present, and have Negotiated your selfe about the Maxims, and principles Of child-bearing; what? you had a Mother?

Vrs. And a Father too, Mother mid-night.

Pra. No matter for the father; we talke of the surer side, you may be sure to know your mother, when your mother hardly knowes your father; 'tis a very facetious point, as *Artimedorus* in his booke of dreames sets it downe.

Enter Boote.

Krs. Here comes my Vncle.

Pra. Off with your hat sir, you come not here without reverence, see if the little infidell smile not on him, busse, busse, it.

Bo. Heavens blesse the babe! what wares beare my Little infidell?

Pra. Blesse the baby, it has sufficient if it live to be of the sages.

Bo. I meane carries it an *English* Pen, and Inke-horne Or a dutch watch tankerd?

Pra. Blesse the baby—it has —ey marry has it!

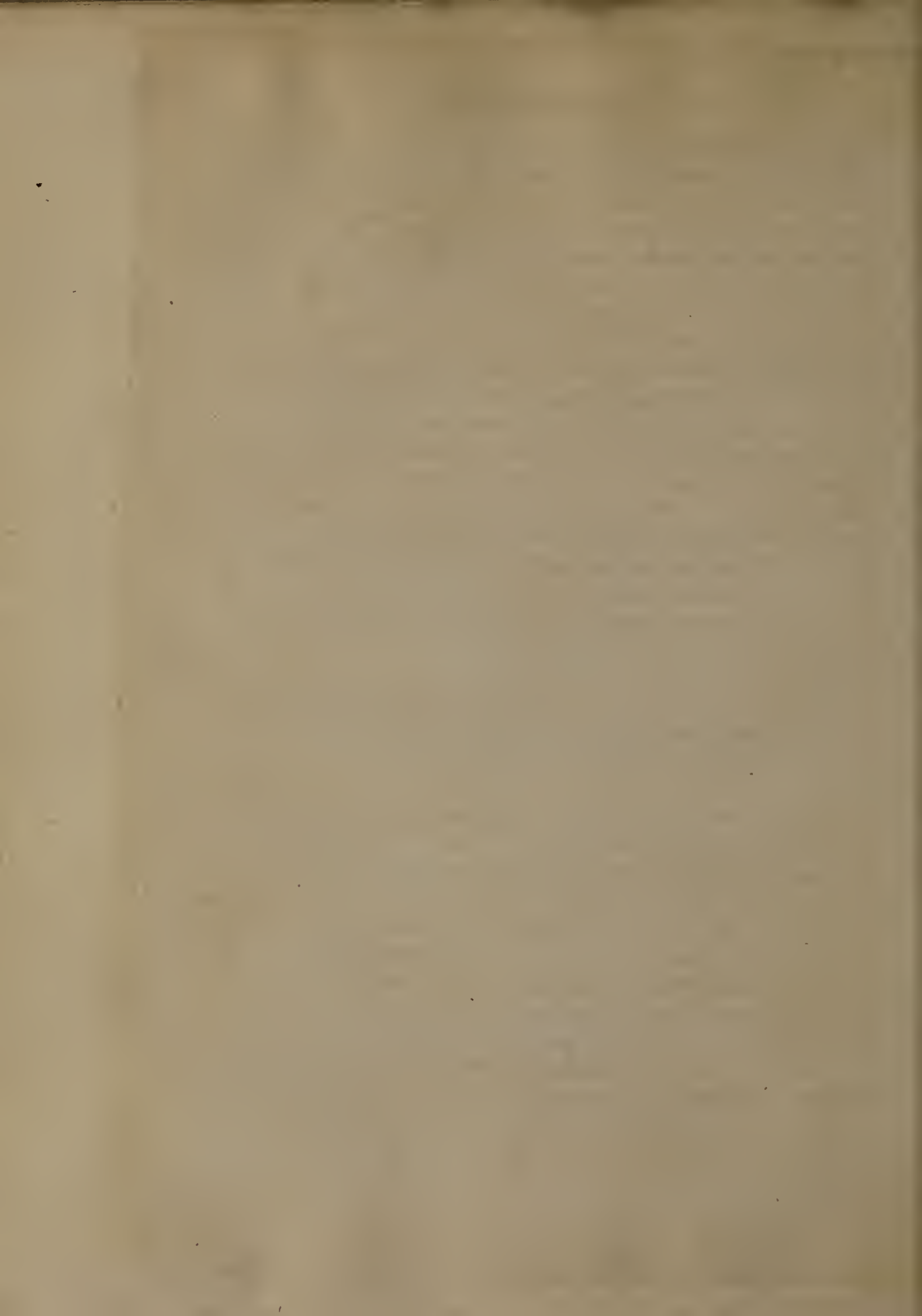
Bo. Is it a boy, has it a purse, and two pence in't?

Pra. Blesse the baby, it has a purse, and no money in't yet, but it may have, and it please the destinies.

Bo. A purse, and no money; by *St Antony* I thought the groome went drunke to bed, he stole too't so early—

Pra. Looke how it smiles.

Boote



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Bo. Admit me to the mother;

Vrs. Shee's now awake, fir.

Bo. I give my thanks to heaven daughter Nan,
Whose providence hath made thee a mother,
Rejoyce thou in the first fruites of thy wombe,
If any sad distempers trouble thy minde
Sing lullabies unto this pretty babe,
And they will vanish; this must be now thy comfort;

An. Just heaven; I might have taken comfort
In this pretty babe; now it is too late,
Leave me your blessing Sir; and depart hence,

Bo. You have some private occasions, I'm not to question Neece
bring the groaning cheece, and all requisites, I must supply the
fathers place, and bid god-fathers. *Exit.*

An. Good women whose helps I had but now.
Tis almost now of that necessity
It was before: I pray be vigilant,
For if you slumber, or shut your eie-lids,
You never shall behold my living corps.

Pra. Blesse us daughter say not so! I hope you will not part
in a trance, nor steale away in a qualme; come, come what
should be your reason?

An. Nothing but a dreame.

Pra. An't be a dreame, let me come too it; was it a sor-
rowfull dreame? *Artimedorus* saith there be divers kinde of
meates engender dreames; as *Beanes*, long *Peason* *Lentills*,
Cole-worts, *Garlicke*, *Onions*, and the like; *Leekes*, *Chest-
Nuts*, and other opening Rootes, as *Rad-dish*, *Carrets*,
Skirrets, *Parsenips*; now there is some flesh is provoca-
tive too; as the *Hart*, the *Bore*, the *ould Hare*, and
Beefe; and then of fowles, as the *Crane*, *Ducke*, *Drake*, *Goose*,
and *Bustard*; if you tasted any of these they will engender
dreames.

An. Pray marke me, and let my words be written
Within your minds, as in a manuscript,
That when it proves so, you may say I told it.

Lon. Peace, and heare her dreame.

The Vow-breaker,

An. Me thought I walk'd a long the verdant banks
Of fertill Trent, at an un-usuall time,
The winter quarter; when *Herbes*, and *Flowers*
Natures choisest braveries are dead.
When every saplesse Tree sad's at the roote;
Yet then, though contrary to nature,
Vpon those banks where foaming surges beate,
I gatherd *Flowers*; *Roses* red, and *Damaske*,
Love *Pauncies*, *Pincks*, and gentle *Daffadils*,
That seldome budds before the Spring time comes,
Daisies, *Cowslapps*, *Harebells*, *Marigoulds*,
But not one bending *Violet* to be seene.
My apron full I thought to passe away,
And make a Garland of these fragrancies;
Just as I turn'd, I spide a lovely person;
Whose countenance was full of splendancy
With such embellishings, as I may imagine
Better then name them; it bad me follow it,
Then me thought, it went upon the water,
As firmly as on land; I covetous
To parley with so sweet a frontif-peece
Leap'd into th'water, and so dround my selfe.
Pray watch me well this night; for if you sleepe,
I shall goe gather *Flowers*, and then youle weepe

Vrs. T'was a strange dreame!

Pra. But a very true one; looke you *Artimedorus* in his third booke of his *Moderns* saith to dreame of *Flowers* is very good to a woman in child-bed; it argues she shall soone enjoy her husband, to walke on the Seas specifies to a man, delight, but to a woman a dissolute life; for the Sea is like a harlot, a glicery face, and a broken heart. Come, come, doe you sleepe? wee'le watch; by this good drinke; Gossip *Mag-py*, I was almost dry.

An. Lay the babe by me that I may Kisse it;

Pra. So, so, she sleepe, come sit round, and lets have a Carrouse to the litle infidell.

Vrs. I marry sir this is a silent houre, their teeth will not let
their

or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

their tongues wag. VVell drunck Mother mid-night, now will she sweare by this VVine, till she soke the Pot were it a fathome deepe.

Pra. By this good liquor, it is so.

Vrs. Here's sweete swearing, and deepe vowes, she goes to'th bottome at every oath.

Mag. And I'faith Gossip *Long-tongue* when peipes the *Onion* out o'th parsley-bed, when shallis come to your feast?

Lon. Truly Gossip *Mag-py* when *Castor*, and *Bollux* raignes.

Vrs. Sweete Mother *Prattle* what be those *Castor*, and *Bollux*?

Pra. Twinns daughter that rule most the signe being in *Virgo*, looke you Gossip *Barren*, could you once dreame of fore cies you should be sure of children?

Barr. Good sooth Mother *Prattle*, the first time I dream'd, I was withchild I got a husband presently.

Pra. By this dyet-bread *Artimedorus* saith so; marke Mistris *Vrsula*, to dreame to have *Lyce*, eyther in head or body, in some quantity signifies a proper man well appointed; and by this drinke I dream'd my husband when he came first a woing; came i'th liknes of a Kentish twindle *Pippen*; that is just, as if two stones grew together, no sooner was I married, but I had two sonnes presently just as *Artimedorus* saith by this diet-bread.

Vrs. They have sworne all the VVine, and Banquet away.

Barr. I know not what your twindles are, but i'me sure I tender *Castor*, and *Bollux* as dearely as any of you; I cannot dreame, heigho—

Pra. You begin to be sleepy; I can prescribe you a medicine of *Poppy*, *Mandragora*, and other drowsy Sirrops; heida all a sleepe? if my charge sleepes, let me rest, for by this drinke i'me heavy too—

All sleepes.

Vrs. The'ir all asleepe I have a heavy slough,
Come o're my cie-lids; *Somisdore* hath strucke me,
I cannot wake, and must give way to rest,

The Vow-breaker,

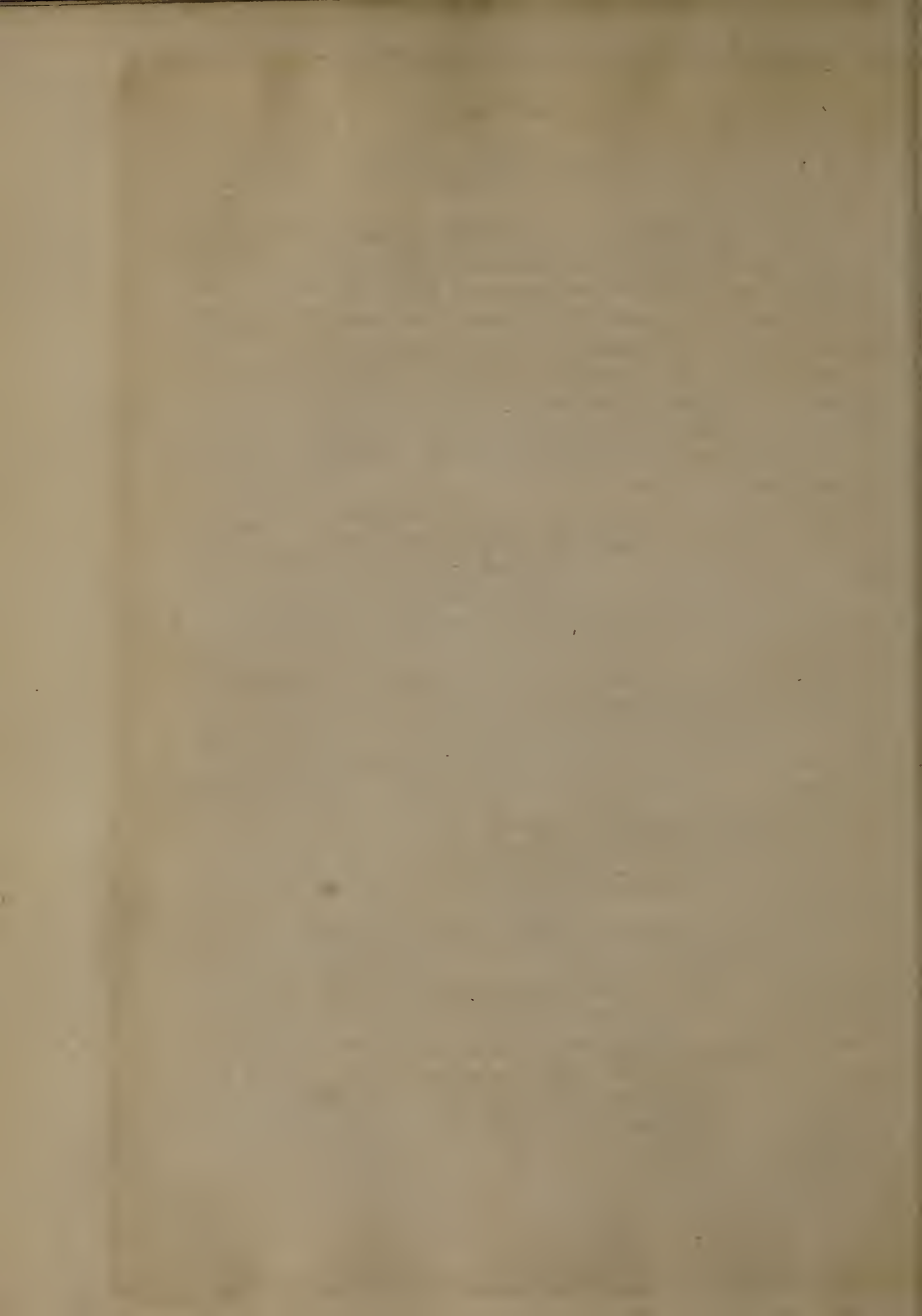
Sleepe. Enter Ghost.

Gh. Deaths eldest daughter sleepe with silencies
Has charm'd yond beldams, no jarring clocke
Nor murmuring winde dares oppose just fate.
Awake fond mortall ne'reto sleepe againe,
Now is the time I come to claime my promise,
Alive or dead I must, and will enjoy thee.

An. Blesse me I was in my dreame againe ; ha !
Mothers, Cozens, Mid-wife, all drown'd in sleepe ?
Then my decreed houre is here set downe
I must away ?

Gh. With expedition ;
The Ferry-man attends thee at the verge
Of *Cocytus*, and sooty *Acheron*,
And he shall waft thee into *Tartary*,
Where perjury , and false-hood finds reward
There shalt thou readethy history of faults,
And mong' st the furies finde just recompence,
I'll bring thee over Turrets, Towres, and Steepies,
O're shady Groves, brineish Mears, and Brookes,
The flattring Sea to me is navigable,
O're steepy Mountaines, and the craggy Rocks,
Whose heights Kisse Starres, and stop the flying Clouds
Wee'll through as swift as *Swallowes* in recourse.
The Chauntecleere summons my retreat,
Signing a period to my pilgrimage ;
From nipping frosts, and penetrating blastes
Could Snowes, blacke thawes, and misty killing deawes.
I'll lead thee to the ever-flaming Furnace,
That like a Feaver fed by opposite meates,
Engenders, and consumes it selfe with heate.
I'll peirce the Aire as with a thunder bolt,
And make thy passage free ; make speede away
Thy broken contract, now thou goest to pay.

Enter



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Enter. Shee leaving her bed.

An. Oh helpe, succour: helpe! wives, cozens, Mid-wives,
Good Angels guard me, I goe, but cannot tell,
Whether my journey be, to Heaven or hell.

Vrs. I have slept this houre, how, d'ye cozen? ha? cozen, here;
ay me, where, alas no where, ay me she's gon, she's gon.

Pra. Heigho; what's the matter Mistris *Vrsala*!

Vrs. Alas! my cozen; she's gon, she's gon.

Mar. Mary Jove forbid.

Long. I did not like her dreame!

Barr. Nor I, I promise you.

Pra. Dispatch every one severall waies some to th' feilds some
to th' water-side; las 'tis but a fit, it will be over presently—away,
away severally.

Exeunt, and Enter. Boote.

Bo. What meanes this noise! how comes my doores open
at this time o'th night; I hope my daughters well,

Vrs. Oh sir shee is—

Bo. Not dead I hope.

Vrs. I know not that neyther; but whilst we
After long watching tooke a litle rest
She's stolne out of her bed, and fled away,
The doores quite open, and the infant here.

Enter Women bringing Anne.

Bo. Heaven blesse her; I am stricke dead with grieve
She has beene subje&t to distemper'd passions
Jove grant she works no harme upon her selfe,
Me thinkes she should not for the infants sake,
Poore babe it smiles, it lacks no mother yet.
Till it misse the brest, she cannot be farre
But they may find her out; their's a great Snow

The Vow-breaker,

Fal'ne this night, and by her foote steps they may
Easily trace her, where she is.

Vrs. Oh misery !

Behold the saddest spectacle of woe,
That ever mortall eies tooke notice off.

Pra. We trac'd her through the Snow, step, by step,
Vntill we came unto the River side,
Where like a cunning *Hare* she had indented
To cozen her persuers, and cozen'd her selfe
For dround we found her on the River side
Nigh Collicke Ferry.

Bo. Oh my poore girle !

Enter Bate-man with his Picture.

Ba. Oh my poore boy !

Bo. How happy had I beene if she had liv'd ?

Ba. How happy had I beene if he had liv'd ?

Bo. Whoes that which echoes me, playing the wanton
With my miseries ?

Ba. I come to see how sorrow does become thee
Doo'st thou remember that ?

Bo. VVhat mak'st thou here, is there no other wracke,
To worke my miseries higher, but thy selfe,
And art thou come for that ? oh my poore girle.

Ba. Monster, behold my poore boyes Picture,
Thou would'st not shed a teare, nor lend a sigh,
Poore emblem of a penitentiall heart,
When in these armes I hug'd my dead boyes corpes,
Now monster, who'st will weepe or sigh, for thine ?

Bo. Monster thou troublest me.

Ba. Murderer I will.

See what the fruites of wealth have brought thee now,
An everlasting scandall to thy name.

A conscience full of horror, and black deedes ;

Natures externall superfluities

Her white, and red Earth, rubbidg, droffe, and oare,

Which



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

VVhich she but lent thee to keepe Marts withall;
Thou hast converted to most grosse abuses;
Thou wouldst not else have scorn'd my poore boys love,
To match with wealthy *German*; see thy fruits,
Thy bazes, and foundations now are funcke,
And looke there lyes the ruines of thy workes.

Bo. Oh misery! my hart-strings cracke with griefe,
Yet will not burst, oh say, hast thou yet done?

Ba. Noe, I will make thee sensible of thy ils;
First thou art causer of thy daughters death,
For thou enforc'd her to the breach of faith;
Next my sonns ruin, whom parac'd like,
Thou laugd' st at in his fatall tragedy;
VVhom but a villaine that abjures all lawes,
That breakes all precepts, both of heave'ns, and mans,
And natures too could have done this; should I
Like one that dares affront divinity
Laugh at thy daughters fall.

Bo. Hast thou done yet?
I doe beseech thee for this infants sake,
VVhich sets a smiling brow on miseries,
And even by instinct, prays thee to forgive;
Commiserate my woes; it greives me now
I did deri'd thy miseries; be but content
I'le weepe till thou shalt say, it is enough,
So that we may be friends.

Ba. I cannot chuse.
But beare a burden in calamities;
Our angers have like tapers spent themselves,
And onely lighted others, and not us.
Striving like great men for supremacy I
VVe have confounded one anothers goodnes,
Come we will be freinds; i'le dig a solemne cell,
VVhich shall be hung with sables round about,
VVhere we will sit, and write the tragedy
Of our poore children; i'le ha' it so set downe
As not one eye that vewes it, but shall weepe.

The Vow-breaker,

Nor any eare but sadly shall relent,
For never was a story of more ruth,
Then this of him, and her, yet nought but truth. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Actus Quintus, Scena Prima.

*Enter Arguile, Clifton, Monlucke, Jo. Ball, Miles,
Souldiers Merigue, Doyfells, Souldiers
on the Walls.*

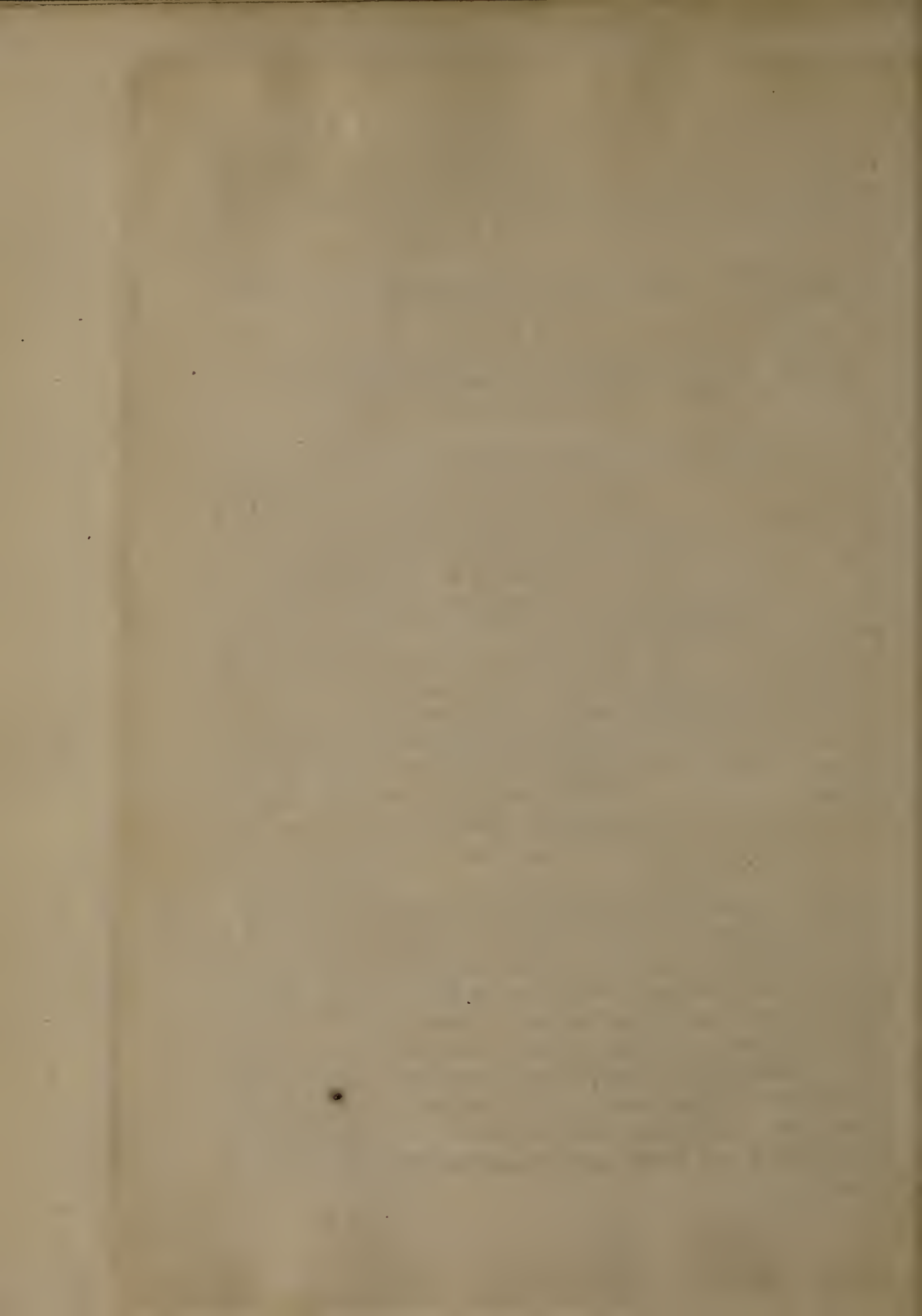
Clif. After the hand of warre has raz'd your walls,
Affrighting peace from your Ivory beds,
And like the reaper with his angry sickle
Leaves the Earth full of soares, and wounds,
Yet after plasters her with her owne crop;
So come we after warre, bloody turmoiles
To bring you peace, which had you sued before,
Thousands that now ly boweld in the earth
Had liv'd to memory what we have done.
Set ope your gates, & with spred armes embrace her
For which as followes yee have articulated,

Mon. Which we, *Monluck*, Bishop of *Valence*
Labrosse, *Amyens* joynt commissioners
For the most christian King, and *Queene*,
Francis, and *Mary* of *France*, and *Scotland*,
Have Confirm'd.

Mor. Doy. Which, we as duty bindes, must obey.

Clif. The Articles thus followe, The most mighty Princessse
Elizabeth by the grace of God, of *England*, *France*, and
Ireland *Queene*, defendor of the faith, &c and the most
Christian King, *Francis*, and *Mary*, by the same grace
King, and *Queene* of *France*, and *Scotland* have bore
Record upon a reconciliation of peace, and amity to be
inviolably kept betweene them, their subjects, Kingdomes,
and confines; and therefore in their names it is straitly com-
manded to all manner of persons, borne under their obey-
fances,





or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

sances, or being in their services, to lay by all hostility eyther by Sea or Land, and to keepe good peace eyther with other from this time forwards, as they will answer therto, at their utmost perils; long live *Elizabeth, Francis, and Mary*;

Omn. Long live *Elizabeth*, &c.

Mor. We much desire to heare the Articles,
On which this peace stands fully ratifi'd.

Clif. They are thirteene in number;
The principall, and of most effect, are these,
That the *French* Souldiers, and all men of warre
Leave the Realme of *Scotland* intwenty daies,
Sixe score Souldiers, onely are excepted,
Three score of them to remaine at *Insketh*,
And three score, at the Castle of *Dun-barr*,
Their wages to be paid from the estates
of *Scotland*; and to live lawfull subjects
To the Lawes, and ordinances of that Realme,
All fortifications in, or, about *Leith*,
Which by the *French* was built, shalbe defaced,
That *France* conveigh not any man of warre
Nor ammunition into this Land,
Without a free consent in Parliament,
Of the three estates of these great Kingdomes.
That *Francis*, and *Mary King*, and *Queene of France*,
From henceforth beare not the Armes of *England*
Which solely appertaine to our dread Mistris
The *Queene of England*, and to no other.
These as you hope for peace, you must observe.

Mor. We subjects are the hands, Kings are the heads,
And what the head commands, the hands must act,
Our barrocadoed portalls shall flie ope,
And yeild entrance; if war-like *Clifton* please,
As we have fought together, so wee'le feast;
Such viands, as a raized Towne can yeild
You shall receive; noble sir *Francis Leake*
Hath in this manner proclam'd this peace
On the North-side whom we will gratulate

The Vow-breaker,

Which tearmes of honour, will it please you enter?

Clif. By my *Hollidam*, we accept your offer;
Lay by your armes; still after frayes come feasts,
To which we Souldiers, are the welcom't guests;
Vnbrace our drums, instead of warr's Allarmes, *Exeunt Omnes.*
Wee'le meete, like constant lovers, arme in armes, *nisi Croffe, Bal.*

Bal. See, *Joshua*, is enter'd, one cup of briske Orleance Makes
him ith temper he was when he leap'd into *Leene*.

Cros. Will he be drunke?

Bal. Most swine-like, and then by the vertue of his good li-
quor hee's able to convert any Brownistickall sifter.

Cros. An excellent quality!

Bal. Nay, in that moode, you shall have him, instead of pre-
senting *Piramus*, and *Thisbe*, personate *Cato Censorious*, and his
three sons, onely in one thing he's out, one of *Cato's* sons hang'd
himselke, and that he refer's to a dumbe show;

Cros. Me thinks he should hang himselke for the jest sake.

Bal. As he did his Cat for killing a Mouse on Sunday, see!
he has top'd the cannikin already; now will he sing treason
familiarly, being sober, aske him why he did it? in sincerity, it
was not he, it was his drinke.

Enter Joshua, reeling with Jacks.

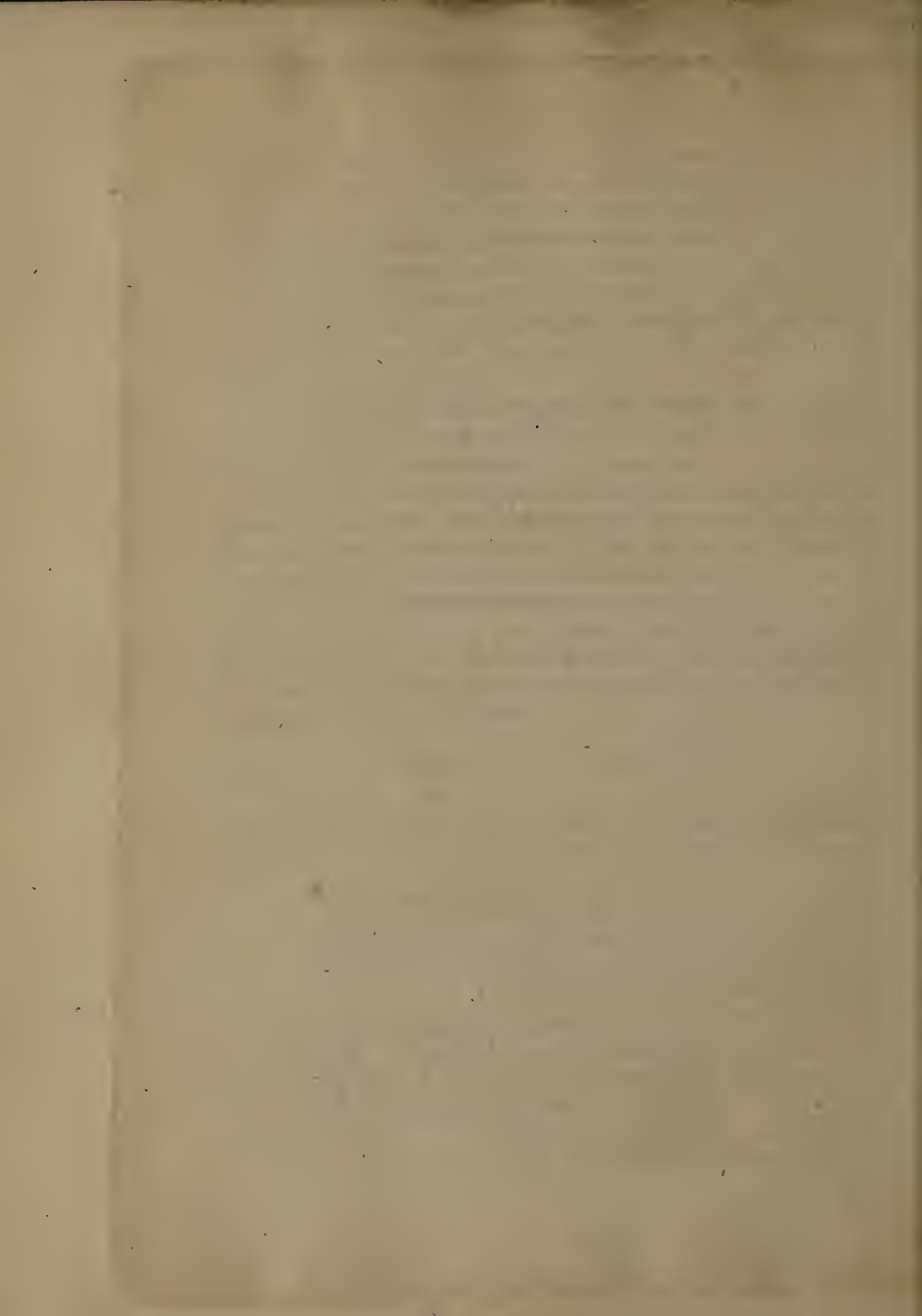
Ios. As it is in the painted cloath, in sincerity; good liquor
quickens the spirit.

*When from the warrs I doe retorne,
And at a cup of good Ale mourne:
I letell how Townes without fire we did burne,
and is not that a wonder?*

Bal. That's more then the painted cloath!

Ios. I'll tell how that my Generall,
Enter'd the breach, and scal'd the wall,
And made the formost battery of all,
and is not that a wonder?

Cros,



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

Cres. Admirable!

Ios. How that we went to take a Fort,
And tooke it too in warr-like sort
I'le sweare that a ly is a true report,
and is not that a wonder?

Cros. Ther's wonder in that, Jo!
How that we Souldiers, had true pay,
And cloath, and vit'les every day,
And never a Captaine ran away,
and is not that a wonder?

Bal. Nay, and but fixe daies to'th weeke.

Ios. Is there any man here desires to edyfie? I am in the humour of converting; I was converted in my drinke, and so are most of my bretheren; I'le stand while I am able, and then will goe sleepe on it.

Exit Ios.

Bal. Hee's gone both waies; see the French Lords, & our's enter.

Musique, Enter. Lord Grey, Clifton, Arguile, attendants Monlacke, Mortigue, Doyfells, all embrace.

Mon. On honorable tearmes we now embrace.

Gr. If what we artiel'd be full perform'd

Clif. They are my Lord in each particular,
And the French ready to depart the Towne,
By my Hollidam, they have feasted us.
Not like to foes but friends, 'tis my wonder,
That a beseiged Towne could yeild such Cates,
In such extremities, and exigents,
Full forty severall messes, yet not one,
Eyther of fish or flesh, onely one dish,
Which was the daintiest, (a powder'd horse)
That, I tooke notice off.

Gr. Large stomacks, and empty sallet dishes
Are the French-mans viandes; his banquetings,
Cloyes not the stomacke, but gives satiety,
A fresh appetite; that makes the body

The Vow-breaker,

Active, and full of generous fires,
Full dishes are like potions unto them,
I know not whether nicety or want;

Clif. By my *Hollidam*; want, want,
Give me the *English* chine; and that feedes men,
And they that feede well, certainly will fight
Vnlesse some *Woolfe*, or maw-*Worme* be internate;

Arg. I relish your opinion.

Gr. Lords of *France* you may depart at pleasure.

F. Lo. Prosperity, and peace ever t'wixt *France*, and *England*.

E. Lo. Amen saith *England*; when *France* forgets her pride
England will honour her,

Gr. Come my coemates in warre,
Our Souldiers instantly shall march for *Barmicke*,
The *Duke* of *Norfolke*, waites their arrivall.

Sir Francis Leake shall give them safe conduct;

You, *Arguile*, *Clifton*, and my selfe

With expedition are for *Nottingham*,

To meete our peerlesse princeesse *Elizabeth*

Who in her progresse there will lay her Court.

Arguile shall there receive the hostages

Due to the federary Lords of *Scotland*,

Wee'll turne warr's clangors into musik's sweete,

And like new vested paires in wed-locke meete. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter. Miles., and Ball.

Bal. What if it were a Puppet-play?

Mi. Absurd! absurd! thei'le be out in turning up the white of
the eies, besides, ther's none of us can speake i'th nose.

Bal. Yes, *Joshua*;

Mi. Most abhominable! wood'st thou have a Puritan speake
to a Play; a Puppet Play! thou ought'st to be burn'd for thy
hereticall conceit, why thou poison'd sowter, wood'st thou have
a Puritan speake to a Play? still give me the hobby-Horse.

Bal. But who shall play the hobby-Horse, Master *Major*?

Mi. I hope, I looke, as like a hobby-Horse as Master *Major*
I have not liv'd to these yeares, but a man woo'd thinke I should
be



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

be old enough, and wise enough, to play the hobby-Horse, as well as ever a *Major* on'em all;

Bal. Not so, cholericke *Miles*.

Mi. Let the *Major* play the hobby-Horse among his bretheren, and he will, I hope our Towne Ladds cannot want a hobby-Horse, have I practic'd my Reines my Carree's, my Prankers, my Ambles, my false Trotts, my smooth Ambles, and *Canterbury* Paces, and shall Master *Major* put me besides the hobby-Horse?

Bal. Thou wilt not understand me *Miles*!

Mi. I am an asse if I do not; have I borrow'd the fore Horse bells his Plumes, and braveries, nay had his mane new shorne, and frizl'd, and shall the *Major* put me besides the hobby-Horse? let him hobby-Horse at home, and he will!

Bal. Thou art impatient.

Mi. Wou'd it not make a man impatient; am I not going to buy ribbons, and toyes of sweet *Vrsula* for the *Marian*, and shall not I play the hobby-Horse?

Bal. Why then, let the *Major* speake the Oration;

Mi. Disgracefull, am not I able to make a narration to the Prince, I have plai'd a *Major* in my time, with as good dacity as ere a hobby-Horse on'em all; and the *Major* will prompt me, let him, he shall finde, i'll stand out like a man of *Country*.

Bal. What shall *Joshua* doe?

Mi. Not know of it by any meanes, hee'l keepe more stir with the hobby-Horse, then he did with the Pipers at *Tedbury Bull-running*; provide thou for the *Dragon*, and leave me for a hobby-Horse.

Bal. Feare not, i'll be a fiery *Dragon*.

Enter *Vrsula*.

Mil. And I a thund'ring *St. George* as ever rode on horse-backe, but see younders, sweete *Vrsula*, more white then soote, and blacker then white Snow.

Vrs. Younder's my *Antagonist*; a haunts me like a ghost,
1 2 cause

The Vow-breaker,

'cause I us'd to make him the prologue to be merry, he for-
sooth conceits 'tis love fit reverence,
why *Vrsula*, Neece *Vrsula*? *Within.*

Vrs. That's my uncle's call, if I staya litle, he'll fetch me
in, which if he does, I may perchance harpe upon a conceit
to beate this parboil'd gentlemans love out of my mealy
Millers coate. *Sings.*

Miles. You dainty Dames so finely dek'd
In beauties to behold,
And you that trip it up, and downe,
Like Lambes in Cupid's fould,
Not farre from Nottingham of late,
In Clifton, as I heare
There dwelt a faire, and comely dame,
For beauty without peere.

Vrs. How now Master *Miles*, singing!

Mi. I Mistris *Vrsula*, a very mery lamentable dolefull new
Ditty of young *Bateman*, and his *Nan*; that ever poore young
gentleman should die like a bird on a Tree, for the love to a
woman—for here it is in the third staff.

*Her Haire was like the crisped Gold
Of't times you may perceive,
The fairest face, the falsest heart,
And soonest will deceive.*

Mistris *Vrsula* I give you this as a caution to remember *Bate-*
man, and his sweet, your cozen, looke on me, and veiw your selfe
were it not pittie I should hang my selfe for love; and that you
should die none knowes how?

Why *Vrsula*, Neece *Vrsula*. *Within.*

Vrs. Alas! what shall we doe? if my uncle comes, hee'll take
thee for a Ghost, his braine is so fraught with distempers, and
then falls he raging madd,

Mi. Will he not strike?

Why *Vrsula*, Neece *Vrsula*; *Within.*

Vrs. Sometimes hee will, so after your fit is over, I'll
pre-



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

prescribe a remedy against love.

Enter Boote i'ns shirt.

Bo. Passion, on passion ! am I growne old, and odious in your eies ? what no attendance Mistris !

Vrs. Oh Lo-ooooord sir ;

Bo. What ailes thee woman, what's the matter ? ha ! why doo'st thou quake, shake, tremble, and shiver ? ha !

Vrs. Oh there, there, there !

Bo. Bee'st thou the devill, I will talke with thee ;

Mi. Ha, ha, no foole to th'old one, he takes me for a Ghost ;

Bo. Art thou of aire, of earth, heaven or hell,
Or art thou of some *Incubusses* breede ?
Is there more walking *Batemans* ? answer me,
Or I will beate thy carcas into a forme
That is full substantiall, and has feeling,
Seeing, hearing, smelling, and sweete-tasting, Ghost, I'll
thunder thee ;

Mi. Oh, ho, Master *Boote*, Master *Boote*.

Bo. I ; can the devill feeleor, is he sensible of beating ?
What art thou ! hast thou feeling ?

Mi. I, and hearing, and seeing too ; and you'l let me alone
i'le tell you what I am ;

Bo. Ghost, i'le confine thee ;

Mi. 'Las sir I'me no Ghost, I am plaine honest *Miles* the
Miller of Ruddington ; a gentleman, and a Souldier,

Bo. And *Miles* the *Miller of Ruddington* gentleman, and
Souldier what make you here ?

Mi. Alas sir to borrow a few ribbandes, bracelets, eare-rings,
wyertyers, and silke girdles, and hand-kerchers for a Morice,
and a show before the *Queene*.

Bo. *Miles* you came to steale my Neece.

Mi. Oh Lord sir ; I came to furnish the hobby-horse.

Bo. Get into your hobby-horse, gallop, and be gon then, or
i'le Morisdance you — Mistris waite you on me. *Exit.*

Vrs. Farewell good hobby-horse — weehee — *Exit.*

Mi. 'Tis but a jades trick Mistris *Vrsula* ; but patience
the

The Vow-breaker,

the enemy to greatnes is my content, and in that humour I will
forrage on like the hobby-Horse. *Exeunt Omnes.*

*Enter Major Aldermen attendants, Queene, and
Lords attendants.*

Qu. Master *Major* !

We thanke you for your entertainment,
And for your princely present, a cup of gold !
In gratefullnes we backe returne the keyes
With all the embleames of your government ;
We in our progresse, are a sojourner,
Not an inhabitant, we will be so with you ;
A welcome fuller of bounty, vertue, love,
We have not seene ; therefore to gratulate
As a small token of our princely love,
On, to your former motion made for *Trent*.
You'd have it navigable to *Gainborough*
So to *Boston, Kingston, Humber, and Hull* ;
But, what are the causes ?

Ma. By *St. Lucy Bessé*, I am a plaine honest Tanner, my brothers here, one a Shoo-maker, to'ther a Felmonger, we are all downe right toth'hide ; I ha' noe Lawyers eloquence, our Recorder cannot whistle, but by the bones of sweete *St. Lucy* welcome, on welcome.

Qu. I have tasted your welcome, and would faine
Grant your designe, soe you give reason.

Ma. By *St. Lucy*, and shall, elce i'm an asse, and my bretheren *Dotterells*, Give reason, brother Sheeps-kin, second me for I must speake Historiography, History I should say, but these hard words cloy my stomacke, like lumpes of Bacon.

Qu. Yarr a merry man Master *Major*.

Ma. I were a Traitour elce, I woo'd not be merry with thee,
Bessé still welcome, and welcome ;

Qu. On, to your Charter.

Ma. This it was,
Edward the first from whom we beare our armes,
Three Crownes displaied in an Azure feilde,



or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

First, 'gan to make our River navigable,
Small barks it bore, but not of that full weight,
That were transportable for our affaires,
In the two *Edwards*, the second, and third,
Vnto the second *Richard* it continu'd
Till *Bulling-brooke* began ! then *Harry* the fift,
And *Pearey* fell at odds ; in which division,
Dividing of the Land ; *Glendower* began
To stop the water-courses of flowing *Trent*,
By that meanes our navigable course was stop'd,
And where before we usually transported
With things un-numerous from *Hull* to us,
And in returne releiv'd the neighbour coaste,
With fuell, and commodities of great use,
As Wooll, Lead, Corne, fruits, and Iron ;
We now have neyther ; but with double cost,
This is the cause why we entreate your Grace
To signe our pattent, and by *S. Lucy, Besse* ;
Wee le pray for thee, and that's thy full reward.

Qu. You shall enjoy your wishes ;

Enter. Grey, Clifton, Arguile.

Omnes : Long live *Elizabeth* ;

Qu. VVe thanke you ;
VVelcome renowned *John* of *Wilton*,
And you the war-like *Heroes* of his traine,
VVar-like *Clifton* ; fame has ben before thee,
And with her shrill Trumpe sent your praises home,
E're your arivall ; rise noble *John* of *Wilton* ;
The onely champion of *Elizabeth*.

Gr. Peace, and prosperity guard your sacred throne,
And make your foes, submissive like the *French* ;
Leith is surrenderd, the *French* quite expuls'd ;
The *Scotch* inhabiting their native bounds,
VVhom we have found most loyall to your Grace,
And therefore they require their hostages
Due to the federaty *Scottish* Lords.

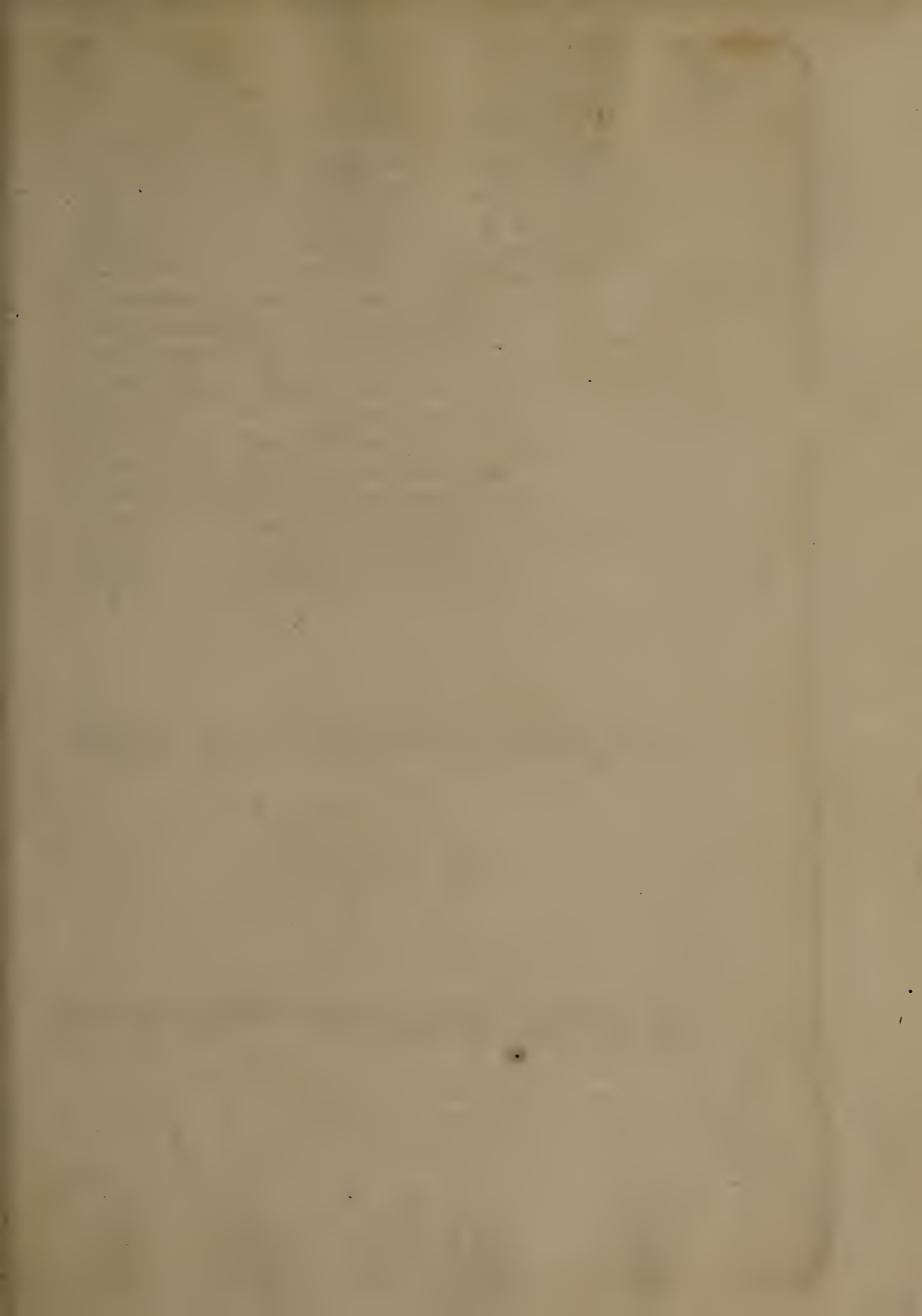
The Vow-breaker,

Qu. And they shall have them ; welcome bold *Arguile*,
Thanke thou the god of battles, that hast given
Prosperity to our first enterprise,
Being the first Batle that we ever wag'd,
Link'd victory unto a virgin's arme,
For which we render thee all attributes,
Guarded by thee, and these our loving subjects,
VVe feare noe *Spanish* force, nor *French-men's* braves,
Let *Austria* bragge ; and *Rome*, and *Italy*
Send out their poyson'd Darts ; dreadlesse we stand
Protected by thy never failing power,
Lord *Grey*, returne you governout of *Barwicke*,
The *Duke of Norfolk*, for some speciall causes,
VVe must recall ; *Arguile* shall have his pledges,
VVe but reserv'd them to preserve our selves,
Clifton ; be thou our deputy Leivetenant,
And Lord warden of *Nottingham* Castle,
Our selfe wilbe Leivetenant of the County.
For *Howard*, *Pellham*, *Leake*, and all the rest
That in this victory shar'd with dangers,
They shall participate our princely loves,
Omnes : Heavens blesse your Majesty.

Qu. I know not how to dignifie your deedes
VWithout a large premeditation ;
Grey, and *Clifton*, *Clifton*, and war-like *Grey*
Fought for our father, brother, and sister
At *Dennis*, *Roan*, *Bullen*, and at *Callice*
The bloody sweat that *Muslborough* bredd
At *Edenborough*, and now againe at *Leith*,
In all which we fortunately conquer'd,
Thanks unto heaven, next your valiant hands.

Clif. Your Majesty begets a spring of youth
In me an old decayed Tree of age,
Vorne with as many snowy winters stormes,
As makes the brauny Oake grow saples,
Leaveles witherd, times period is ruine,
Yet by my life, my heart retaines its vigour.

And





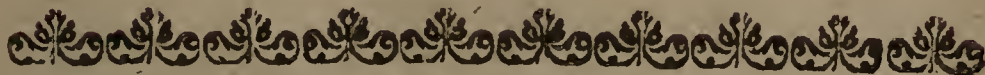
or the fayre Maid of Clifton.

And what we want in deedes, wee'le act in duty,
To you the Sovereigne mistress of our hearts.

Qu. Master *Maier*, and noble *Iohn* of *Wilton*,
And war-like *Clifton* with all your men of warre
VVe this night doe invite you, for our gueasts,
To sup with us ; to morrow wee'le survey
The underminings, and unpaced greife
That *Mortimer*, and *Isabell* did devise
To steale their sportive dalliances in,
Of whom your stately fortresse does retaine
The *Labyrinth* (now called *Mortimers hole*)
Heaven for our victory we first will pay,
And praise our subjects that redeem'd the day,
Proud *France*, and poysoning *Spaine*, if heave'n us blesse
A virgin's arme shall quell your mightines.

Omnes : Long life attend your Majesty.

Exeunt Omnes.



FINIS.

W. S.



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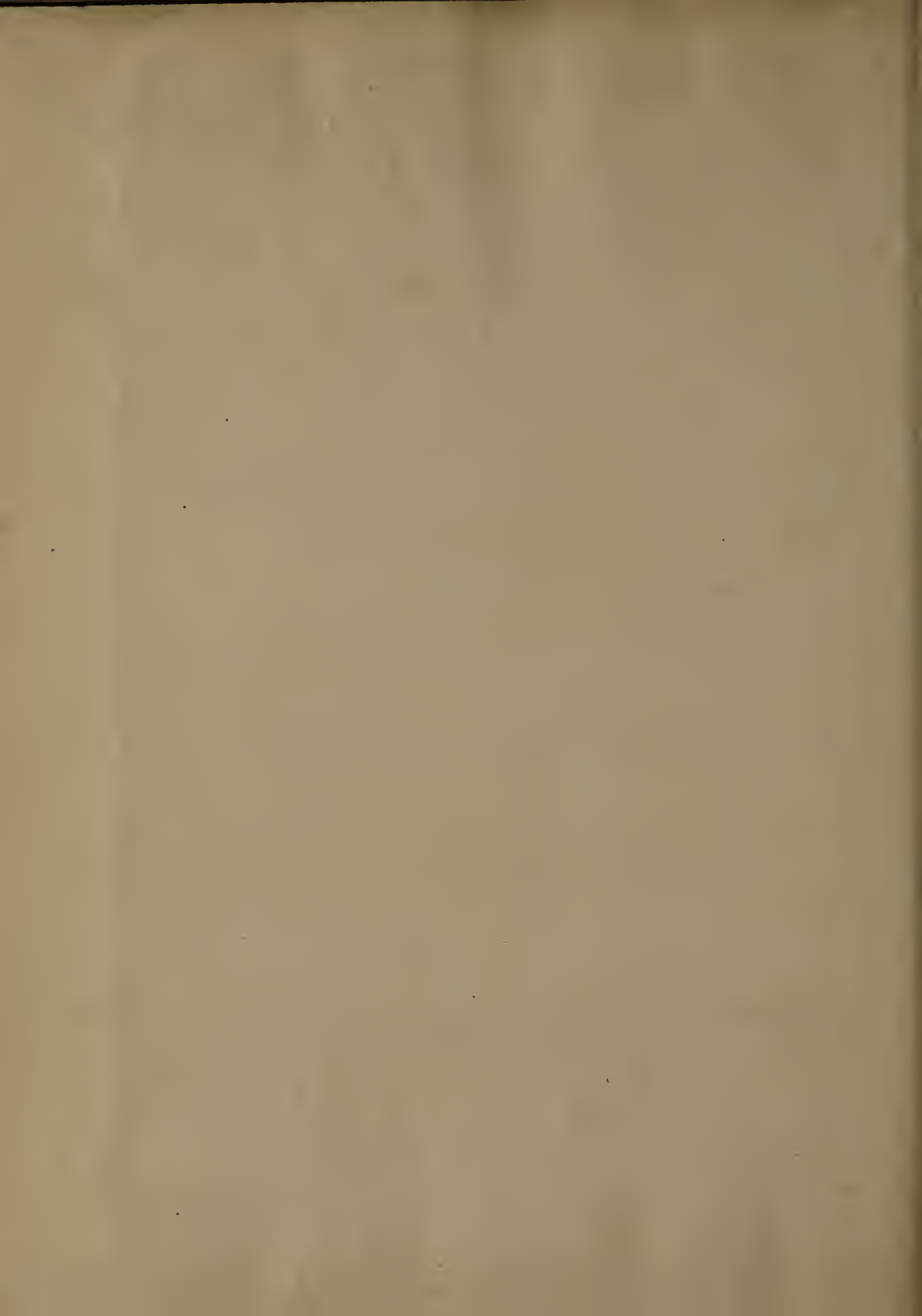
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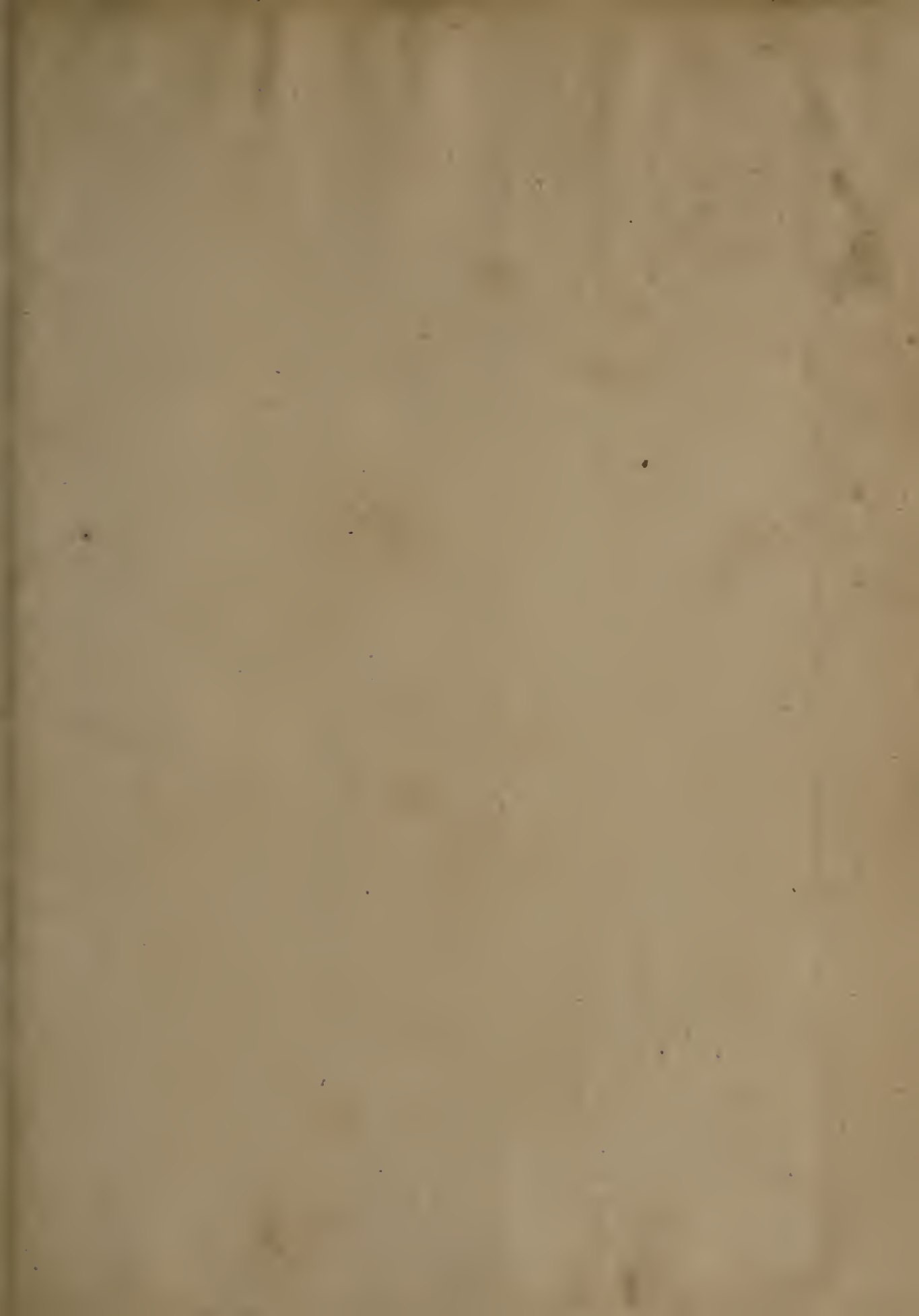
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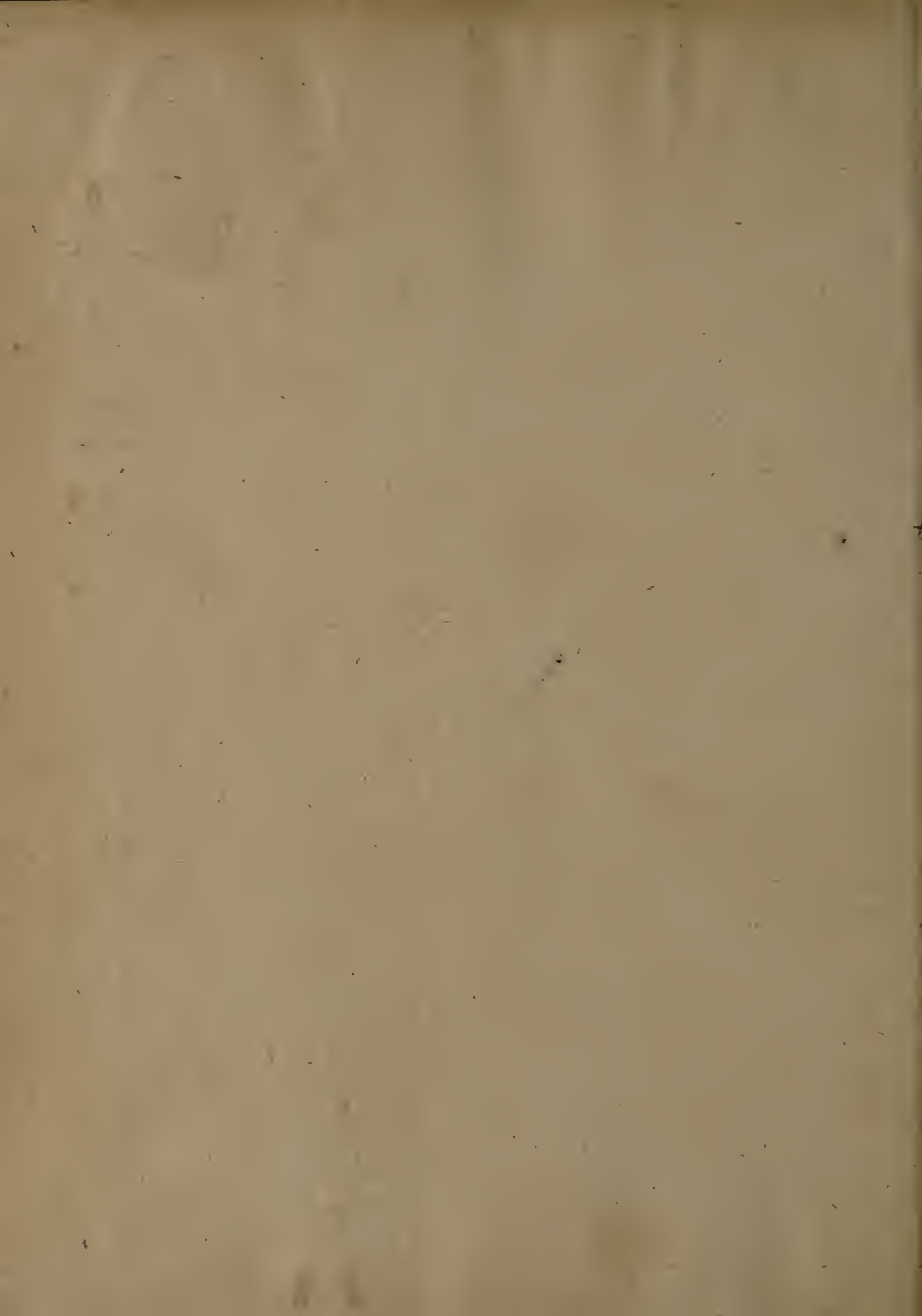
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